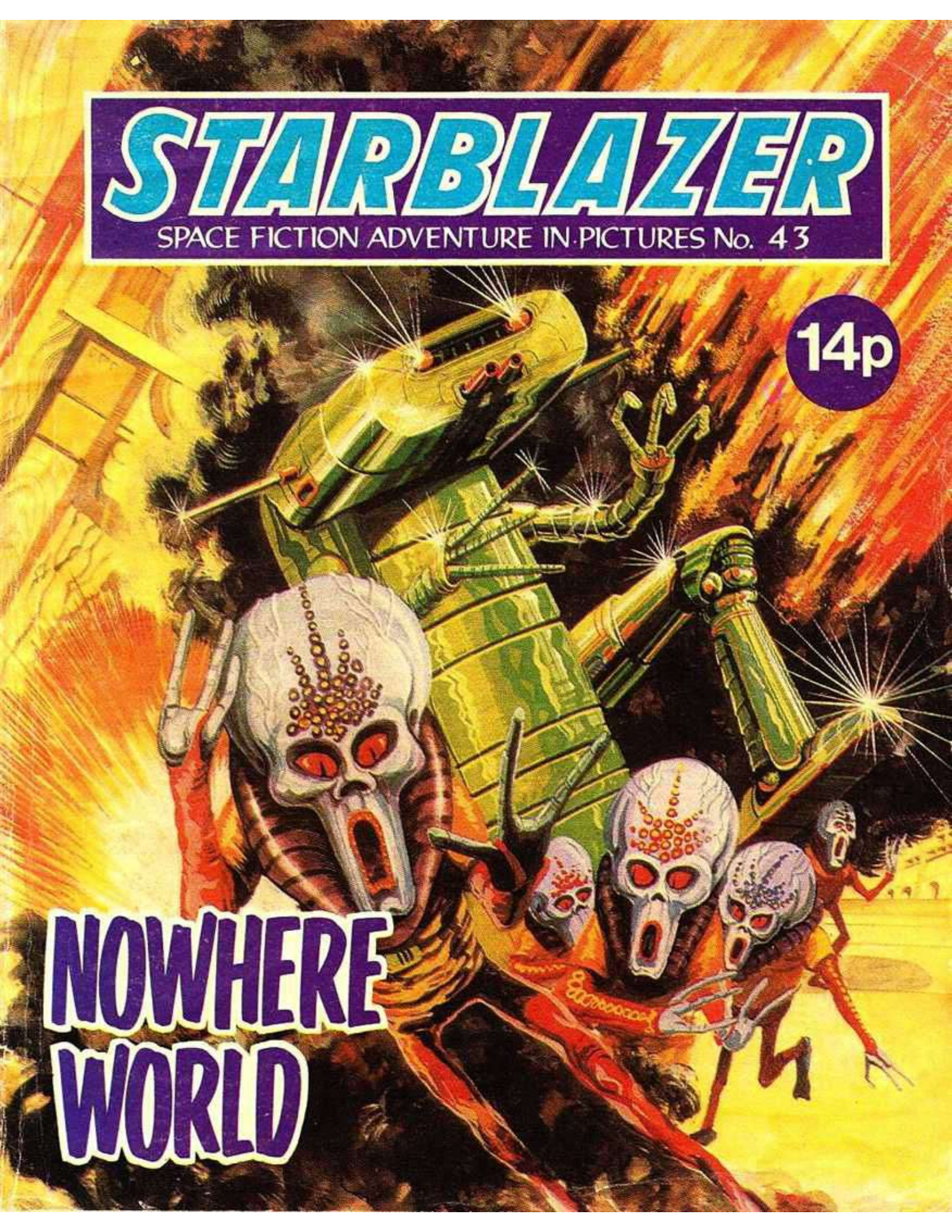


STARBLAZER

SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No. 43

14p

NOWHERE
WORLD



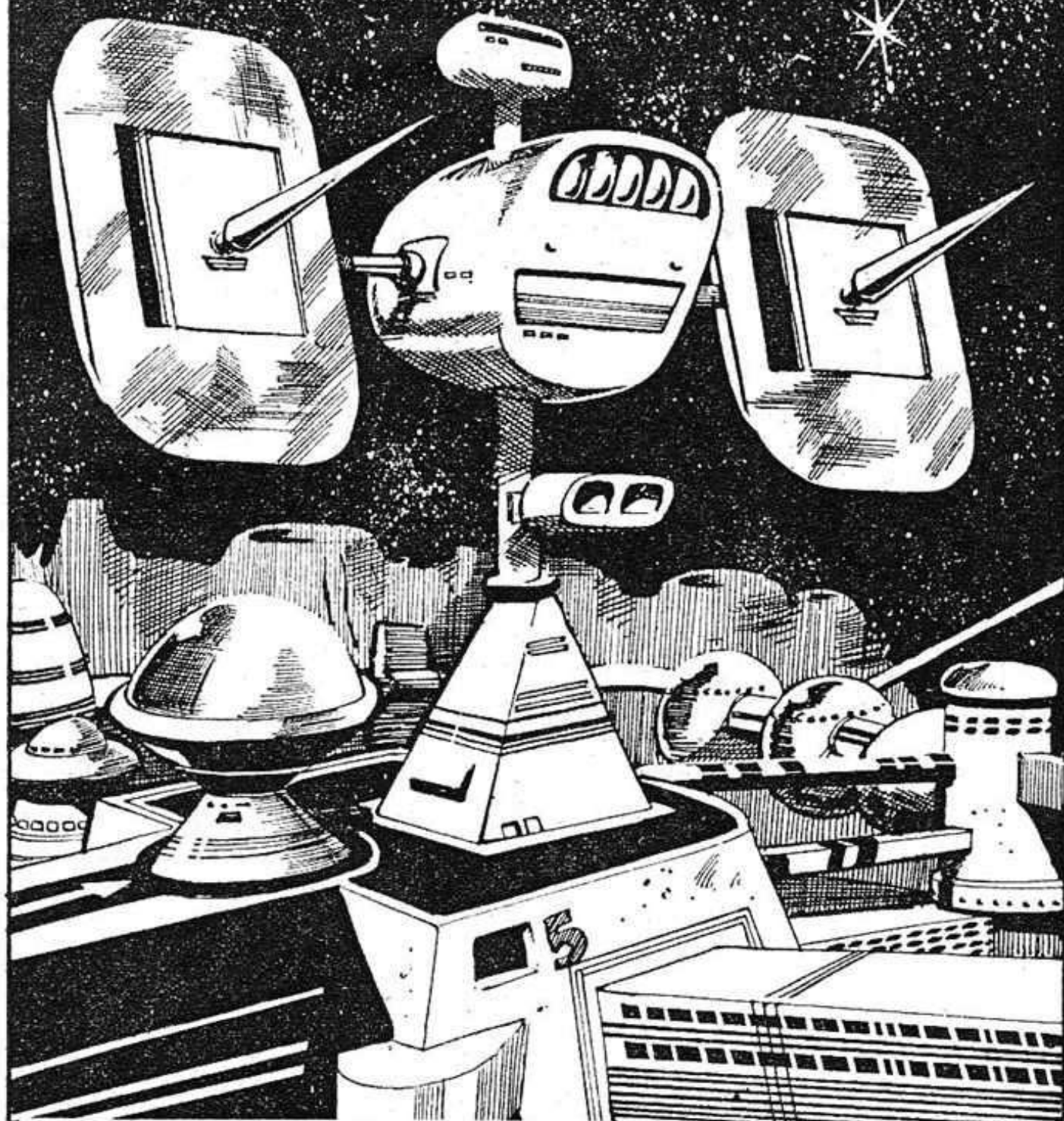
STARBLAZER



DOTTED THROUGHOUT KNOWN SPACE, TERRAN MONITORING STATIONS SCANNED THE DEPTHS OF INFINITY. IT WAS A ROUTINE JOB ... LONG AND BORING, WITH NOTHING VERY MUCH HAPPENING.

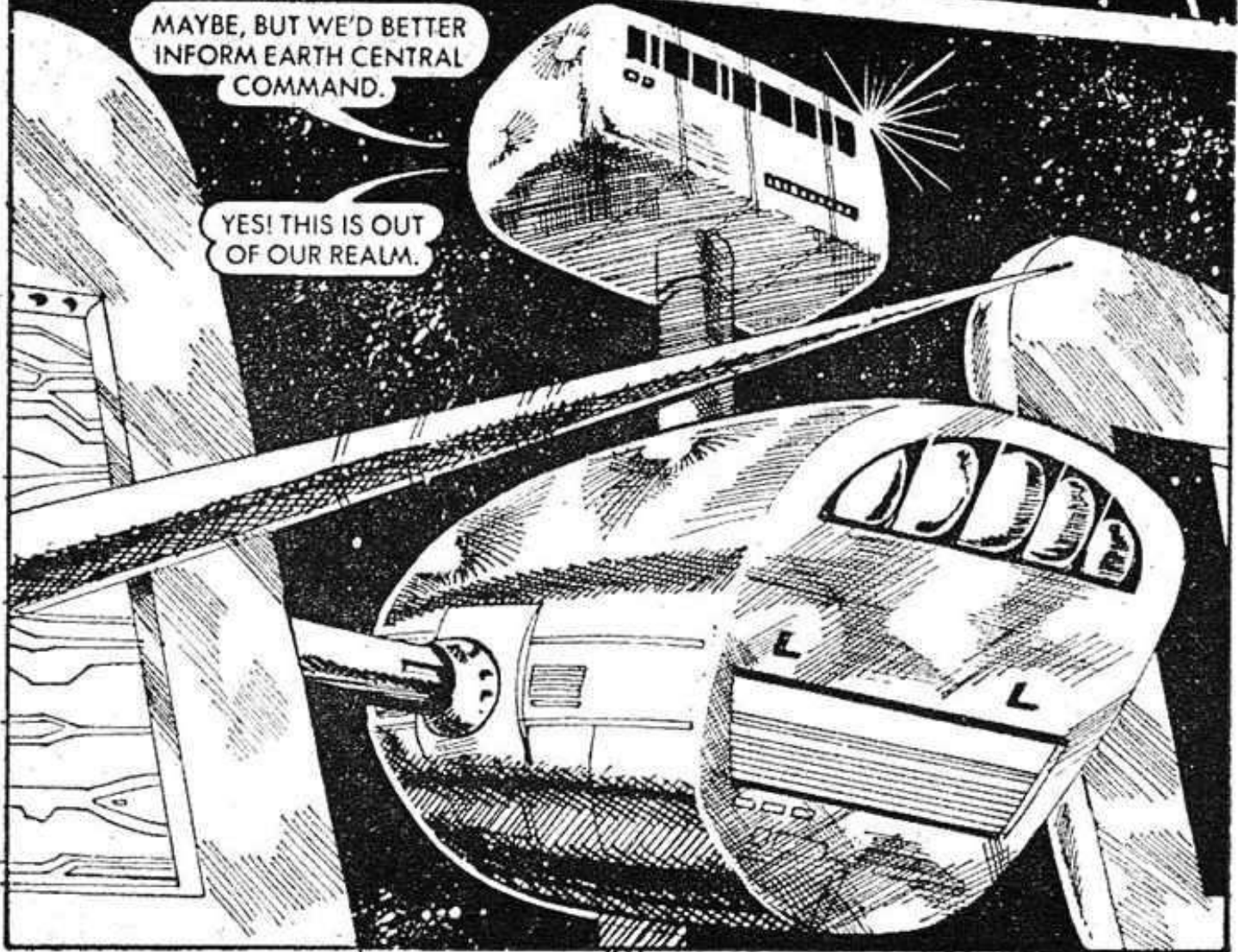
ON LUNAR ASTROLAB TECHNICIANS IDLY SCANNED THE UNIVERSE, UNTIL A MIND-JARRING, NERVE-JANGLING CONTACT WAS MADE. IT SUDDENLY APPEARED ... A WHOLE NEW PLANET ... A NOWHERE WORLD.

NOWHERE WORLD

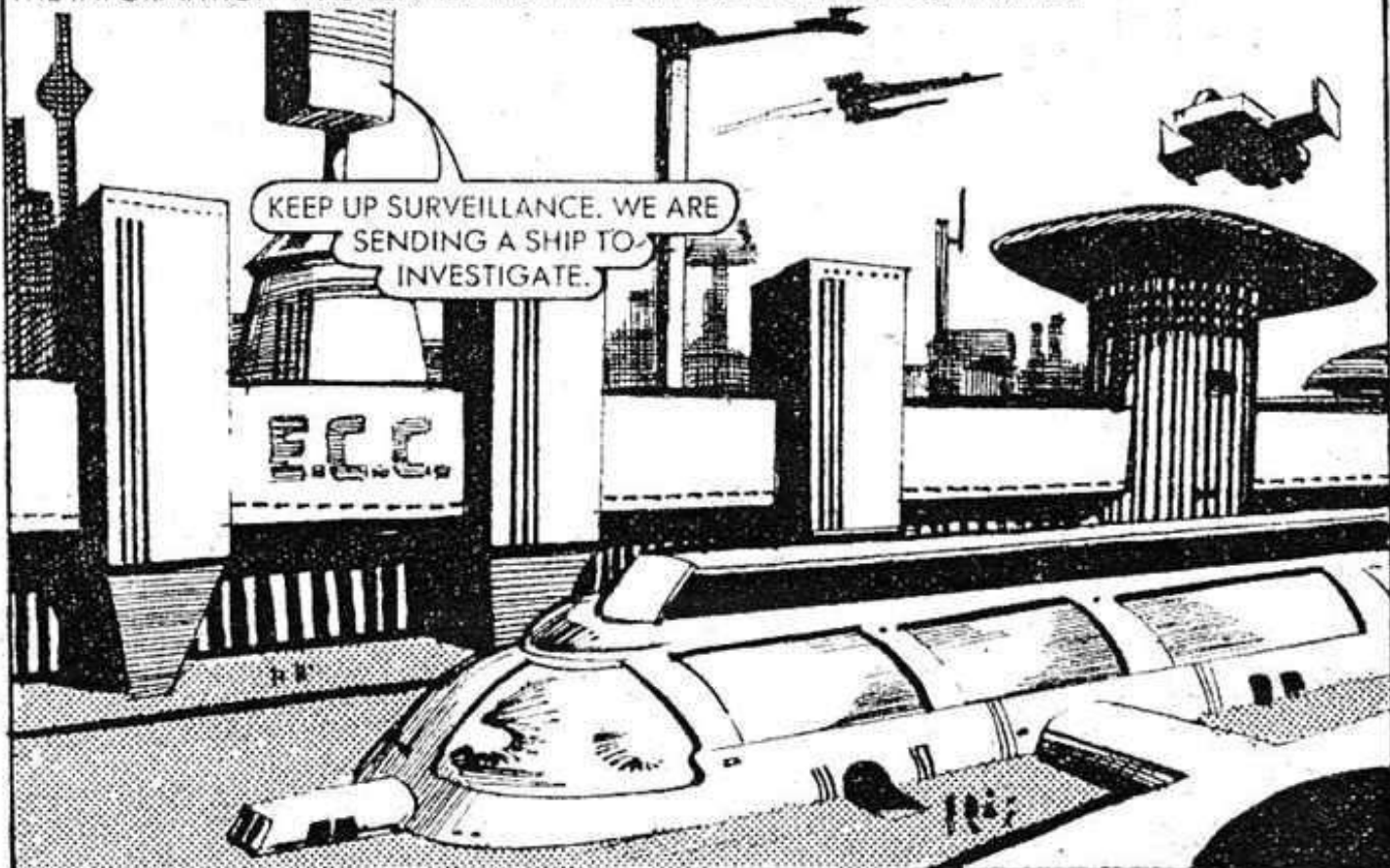


THE ALERT SYSTEMS AUTOMATICALLY CONTACTED THE DUTY CREW ON LUNAR ASTROLAB.

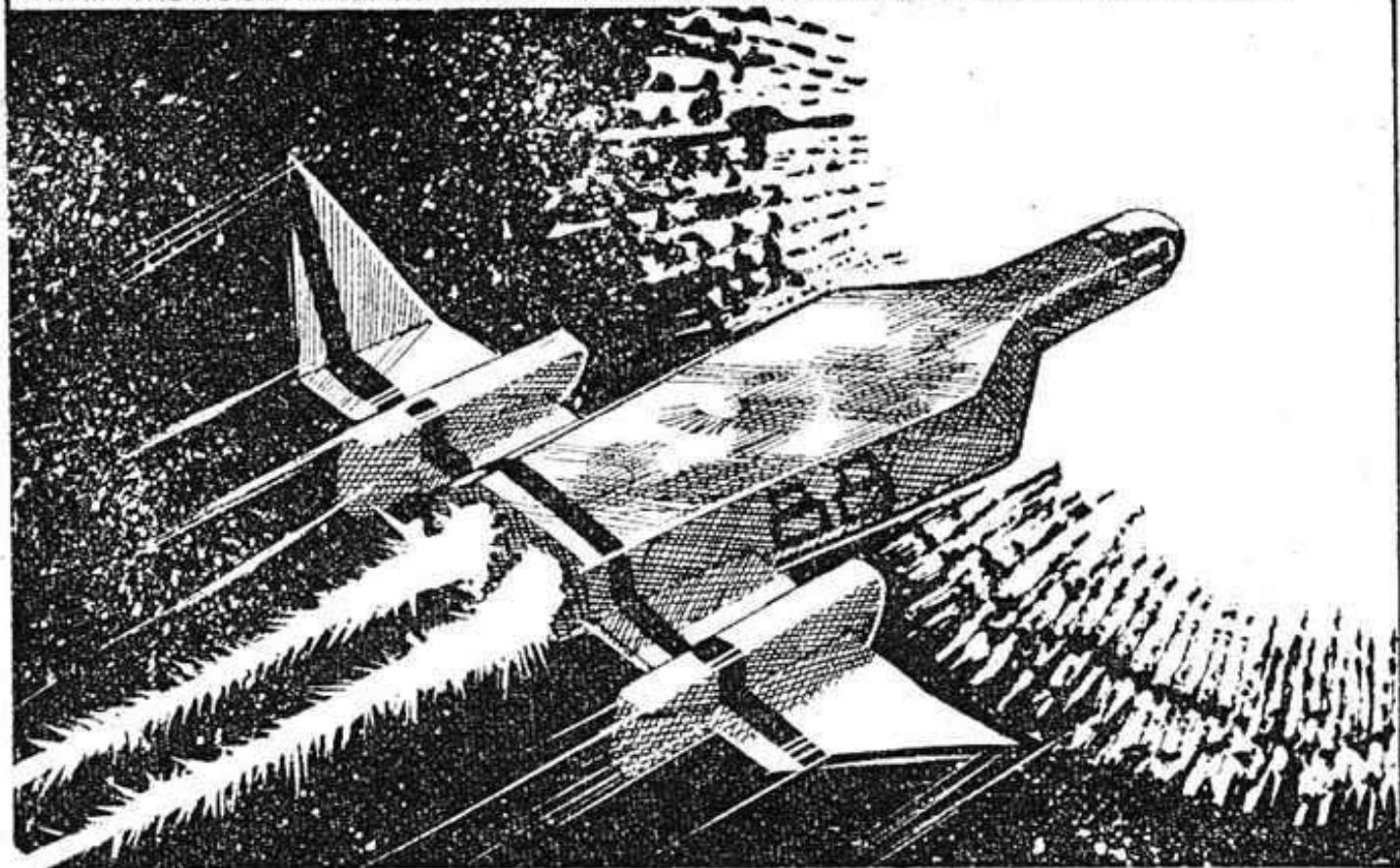




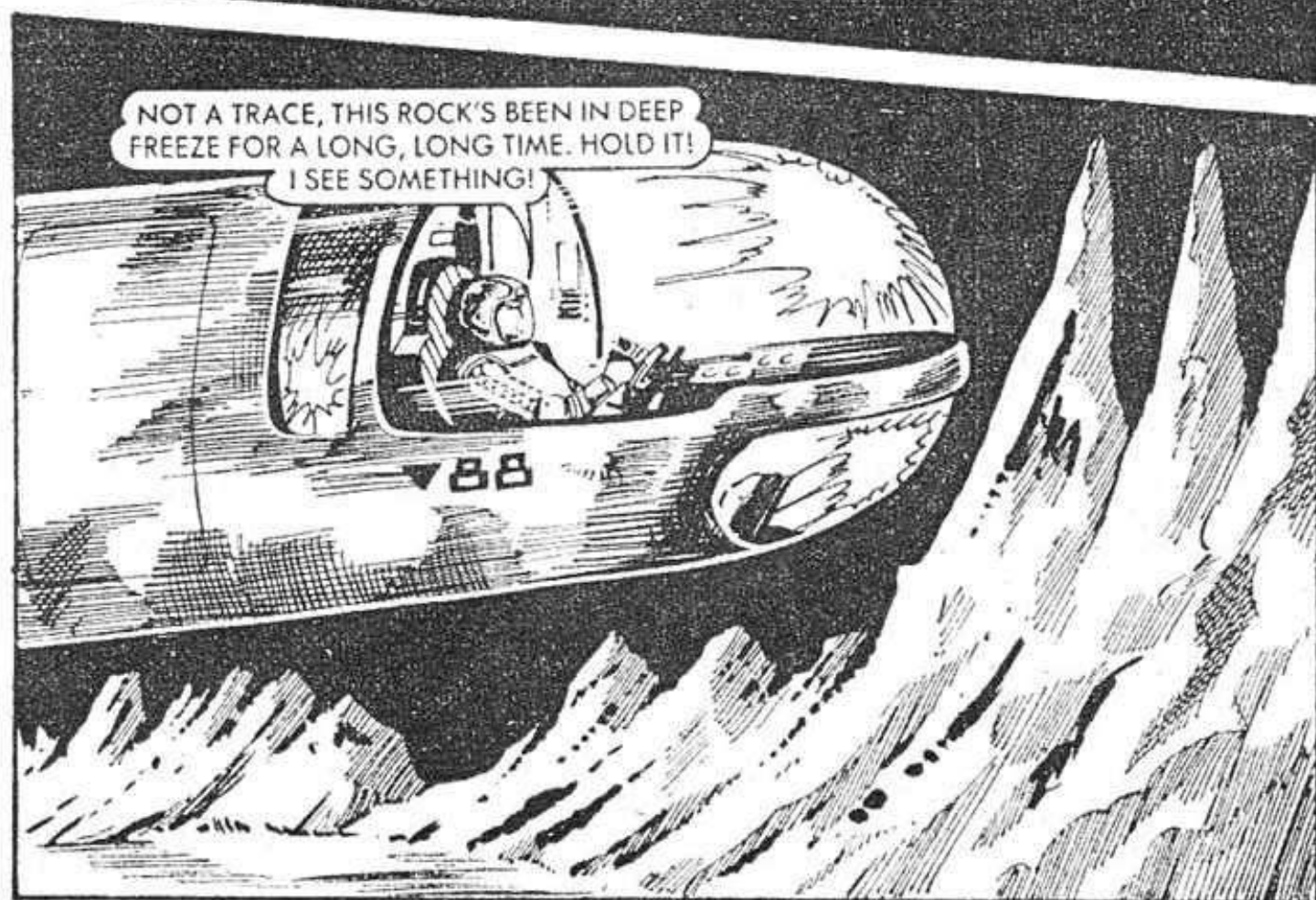
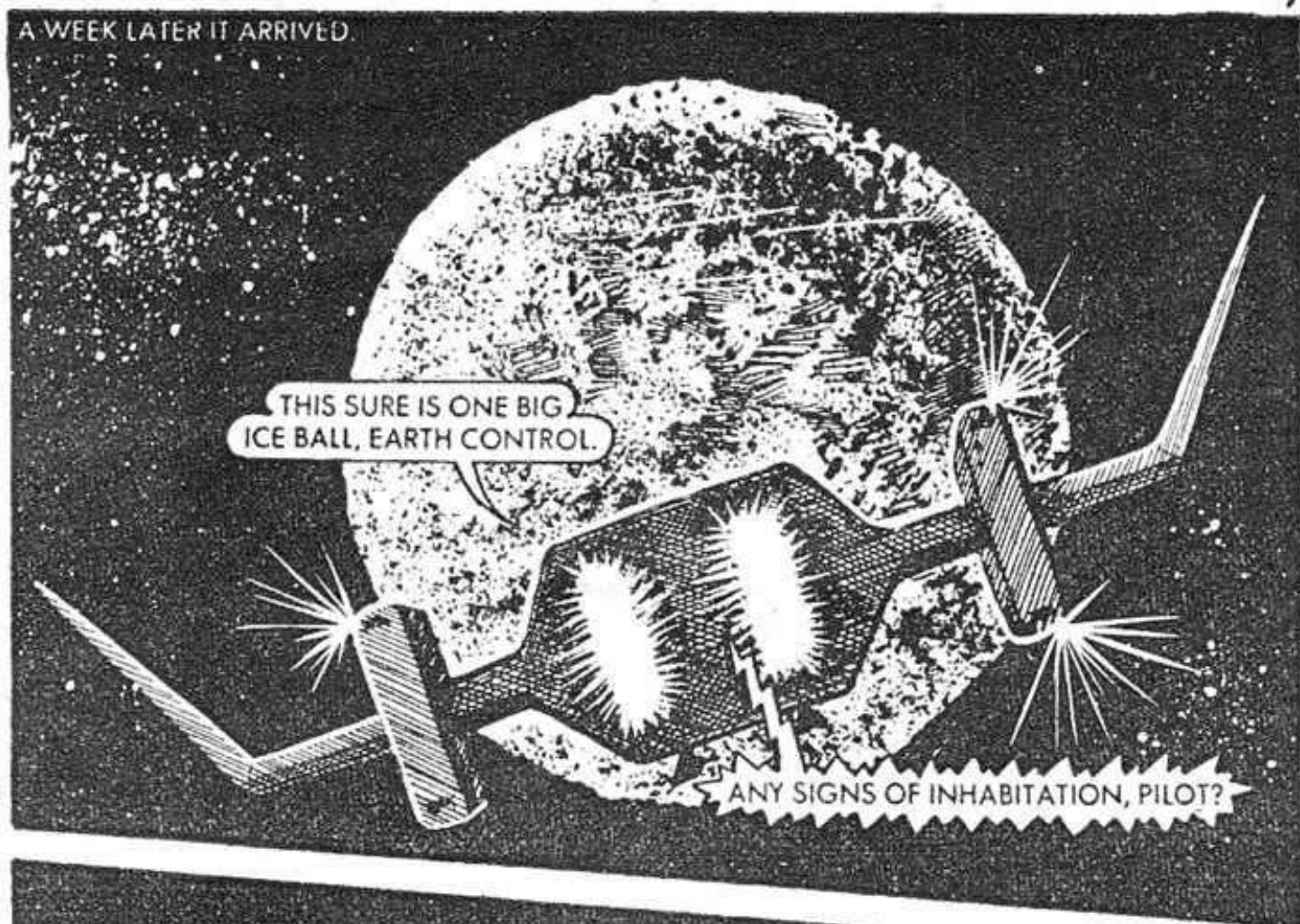
THE INFORMATION WAS BEAMED DOWN TO A PUZZLED EARTH COMMAND.

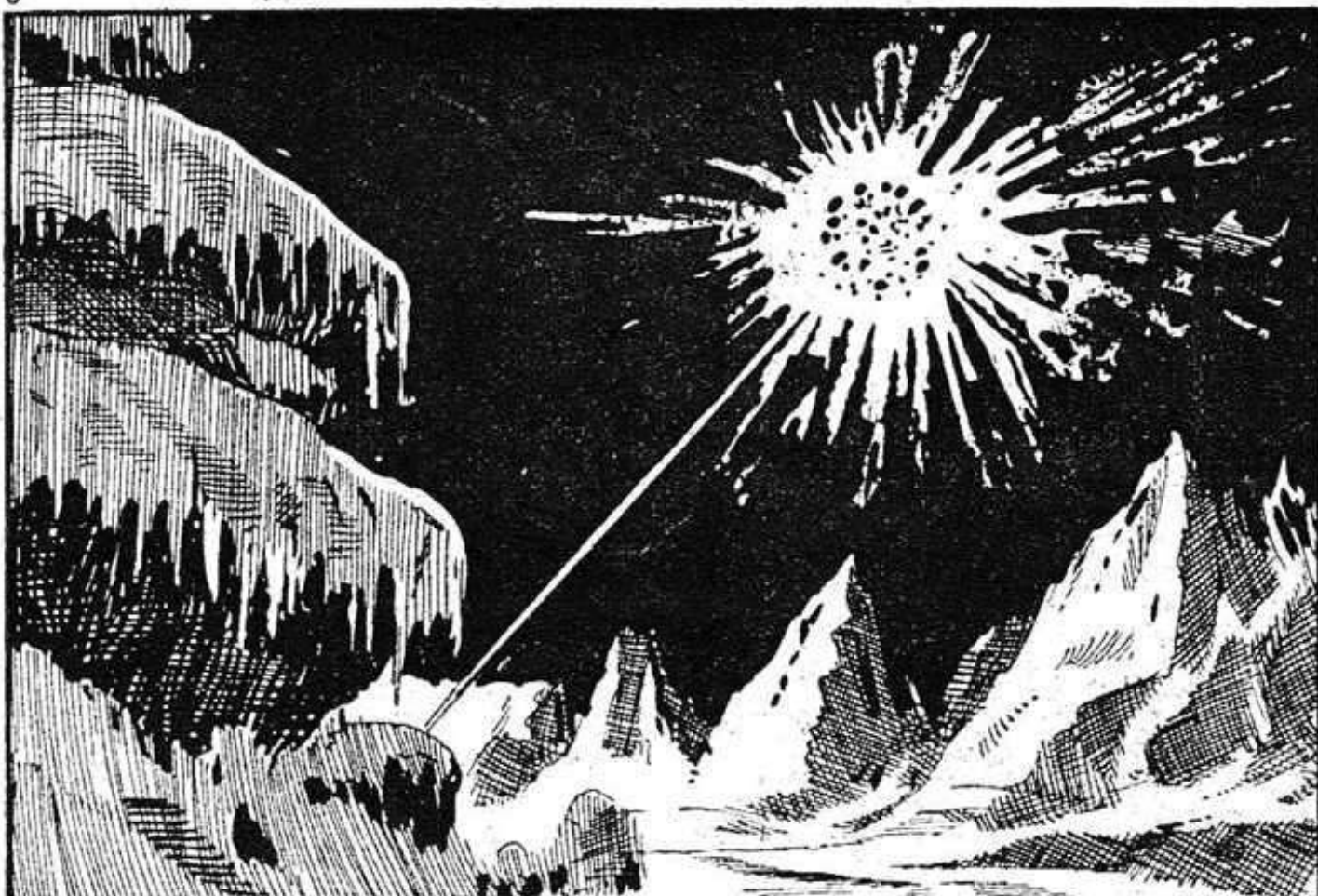


WITHIN THE HOUR A FAST SCOUTER WAS BLURRING FOR A RENDEVOUS WITH THE PLANET.



A WEEK LATER IT ARRIVED.





BEFORE THE SCOUTER COULD MAKE AN IDENTIFICATION AN ENERGY BOLT LANCED OUT.



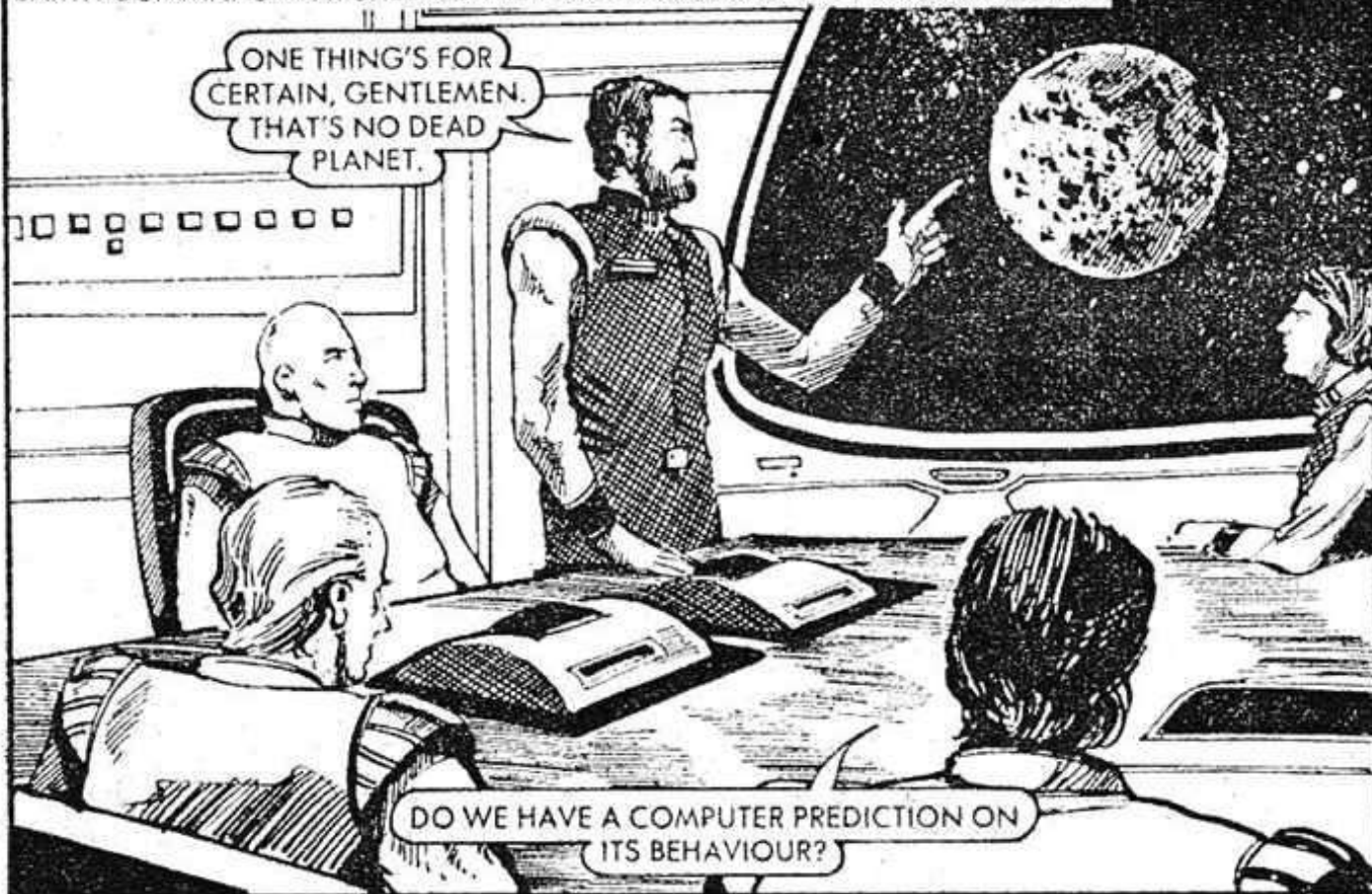
IN EARTH CONTROL.

WHAT HAPPENED, ASTROLAB?

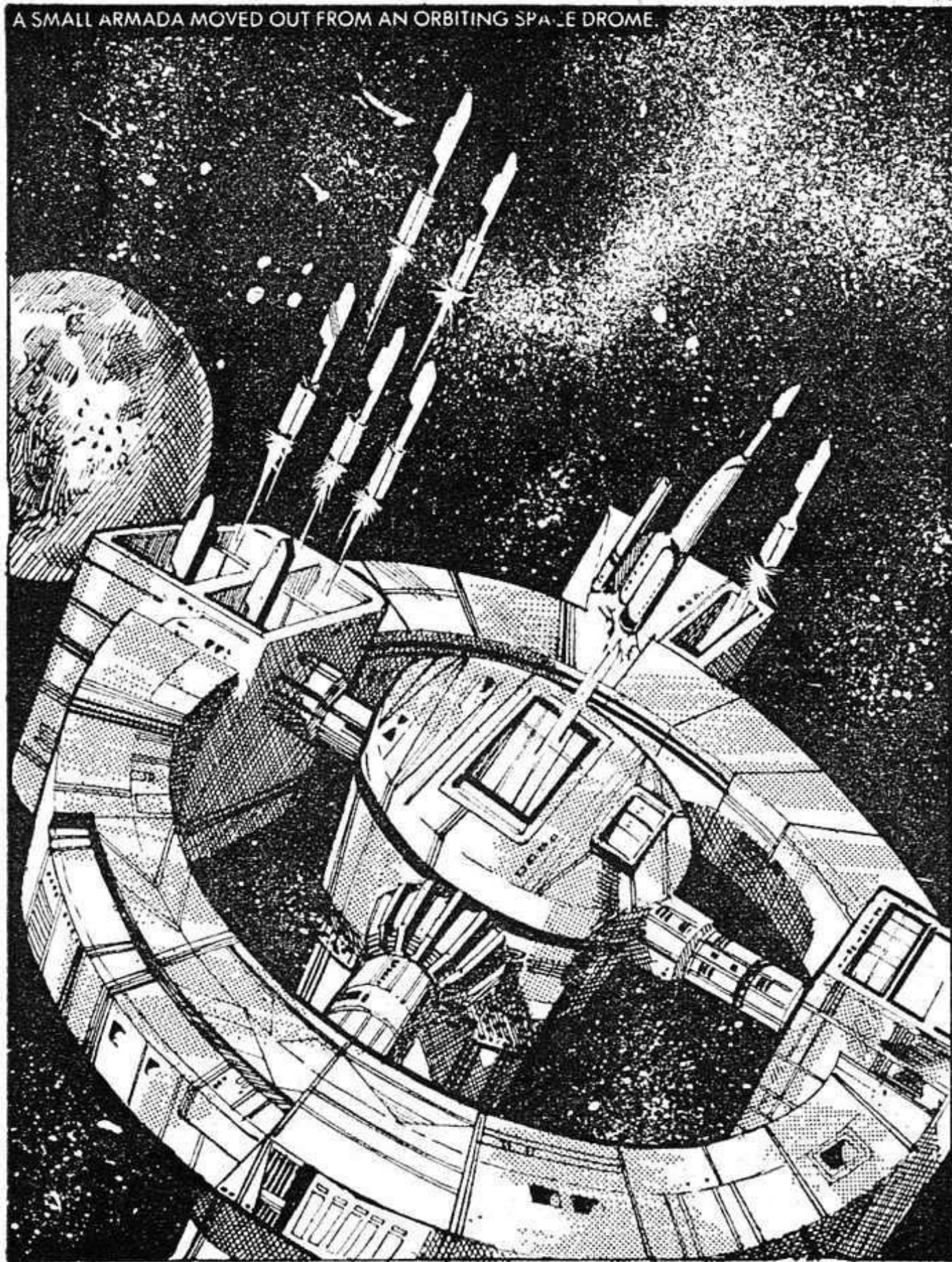
WE'RE CHECKING, SIR. AS FAR AS WE CAN TELL THERE WAS SOME FORM OF ENERGY BLAST FROM THE PLANET... THE SCOUTER'S GONE FROM OUR SENSORS!

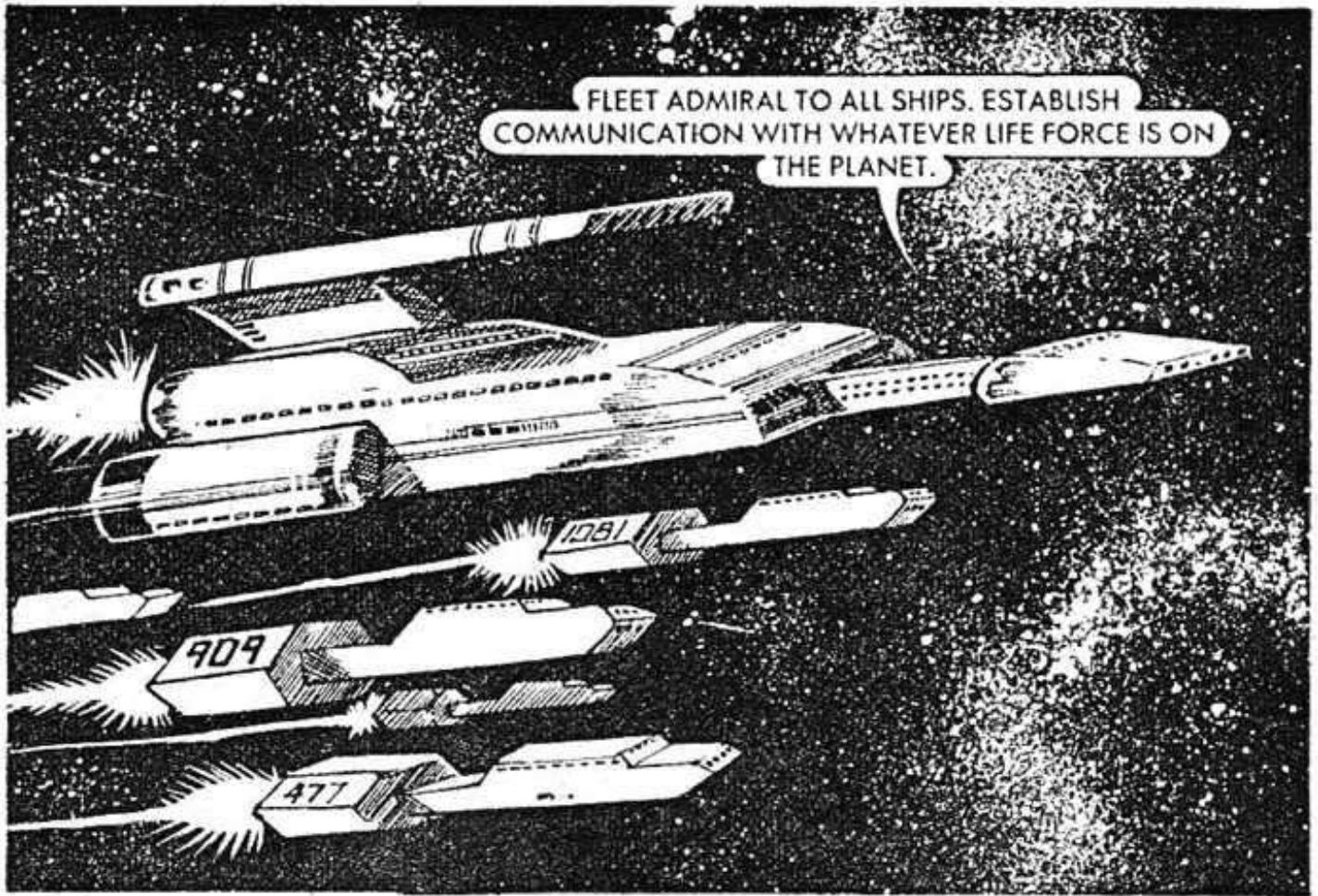


EARTH COMMAND WATCHED AS THE PLANET GRADUALLY CHANGED COURSE.



A SMALL ARMADA MOVED OUT FROM AN ORBITING SPACE DOME.





THE TWO CRUISERS DROPPED LOW AND BEGAN A SLOW SWEEP OVER THE FROZEN SURFACE.

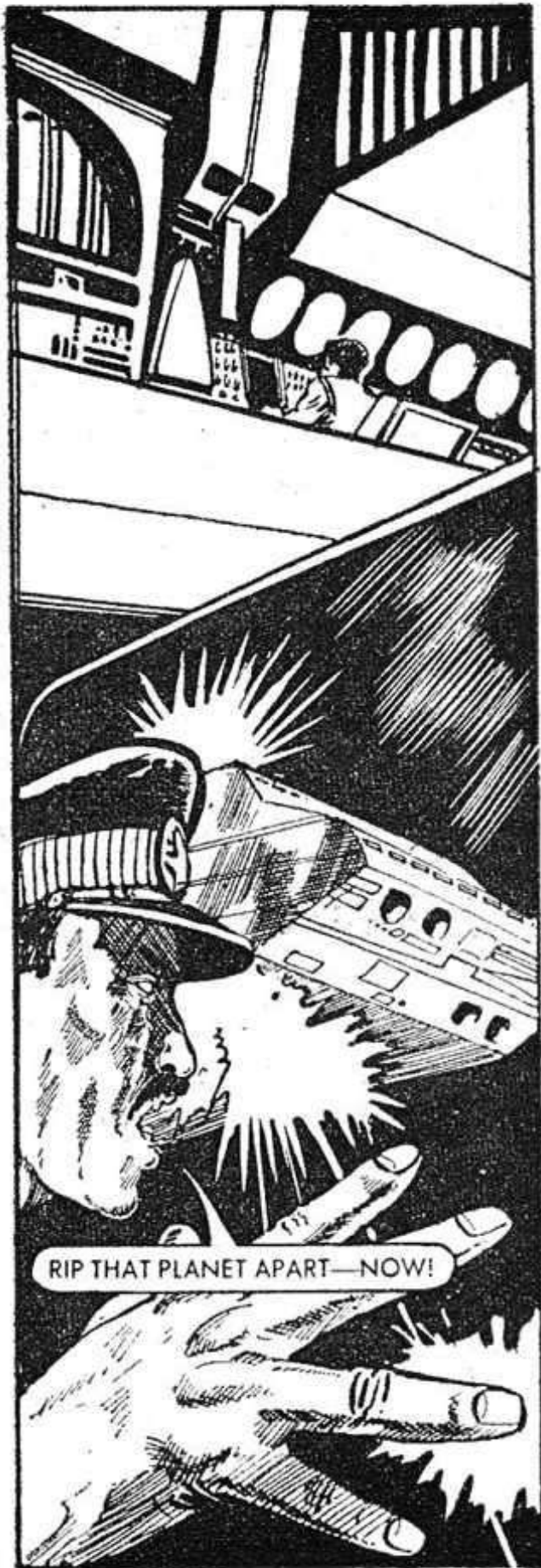
WE'RE GETTING A FAINT READING FROM
UP AHEAD. DO YOU COPY?

YES, SOME SORT OF SUB-SURFACE
ACTIVITY. LET'S GO AND SEE.

ONCE AGAIN LEAMS OF WHITE DEATH LICKED SKYWARDS, ATOMISING THE SHIPS AND CREW.

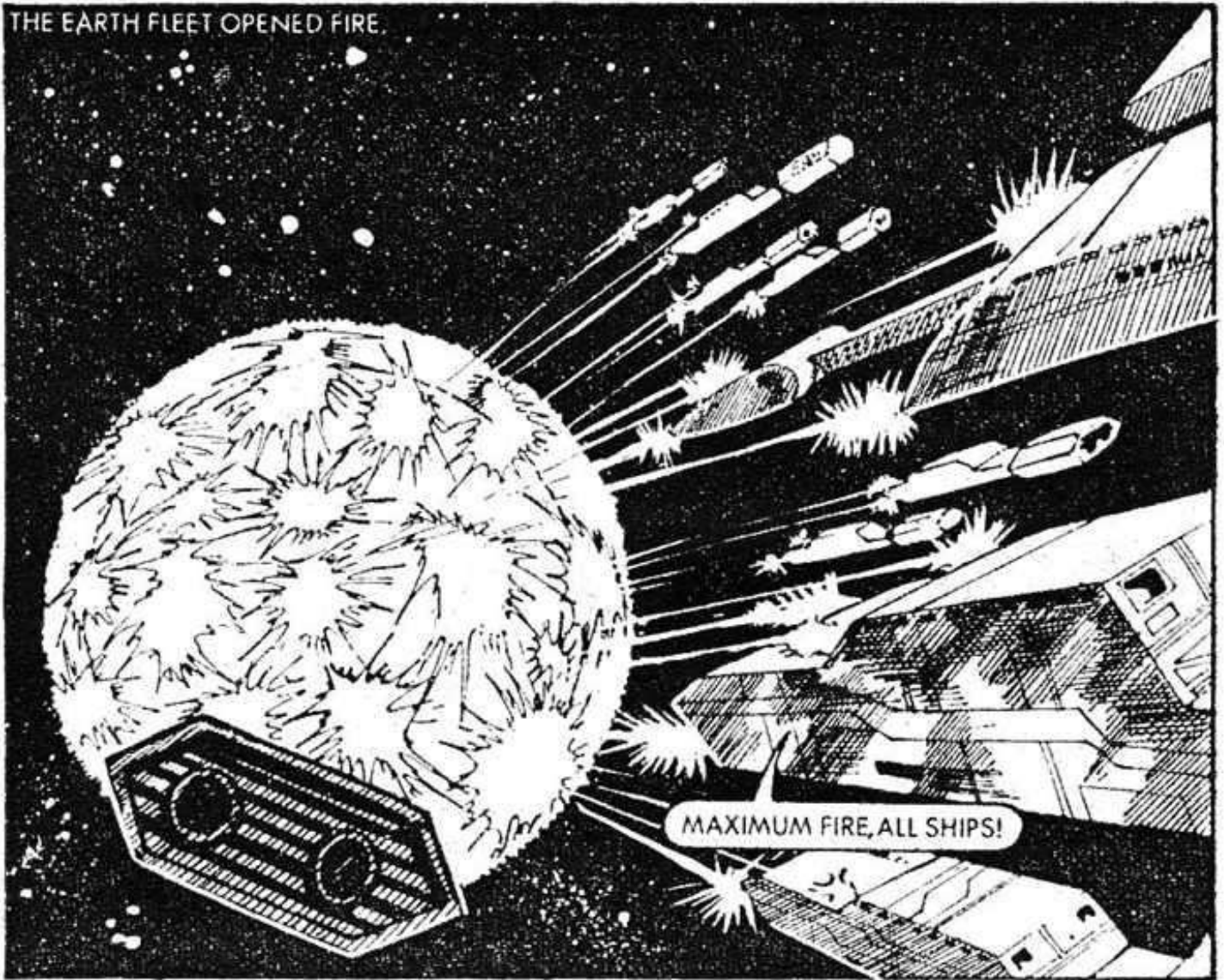
IT'S A TRAP!

A MASS OF BEAMS REACHED INTO SPACE AND
THE WAITING FLEET.



RIP THAT PLANET APART—NOW!

THE EARTH FLEET OPENED FIRE.



SENSORS SCANNED AND PROBED THE ENERGY COCOON EVALUATING ITS STRENGTH.

THE ANSWER'S NEGATIVE, SIR, WE'VE NOTHING
THAT CAN BREAK IT.

WHAT IF WE BROUGHT THE TOTAL FIREPOWER OF
THE FLEET TO BEAR ON THE SAME SPOT?



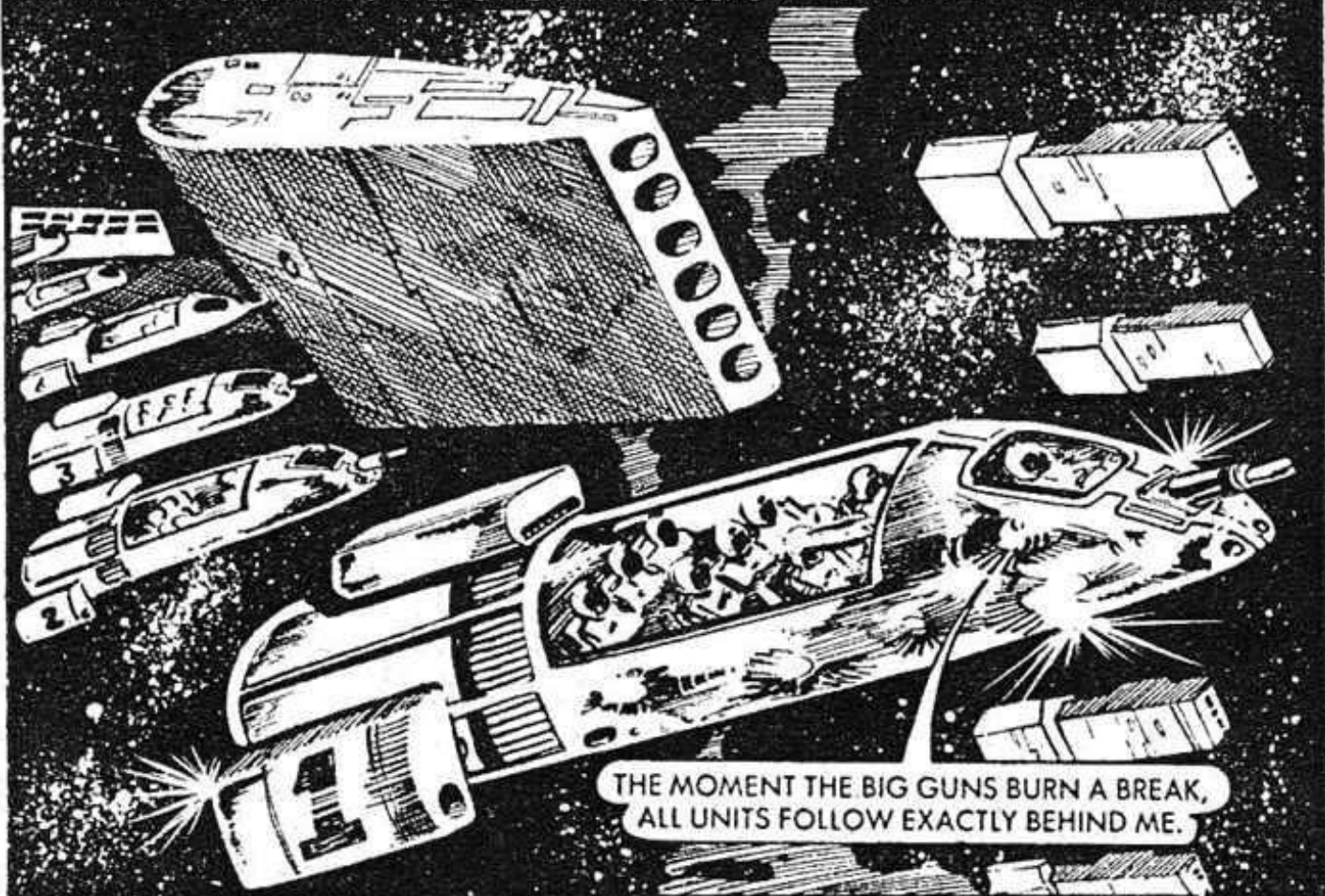
IT WOULD MAKE A FIVE METRE HOLE
FOR ONLY TEN SECONDS!

TOO SMALL FOR ANY SHIP TO GET
THROUGH.

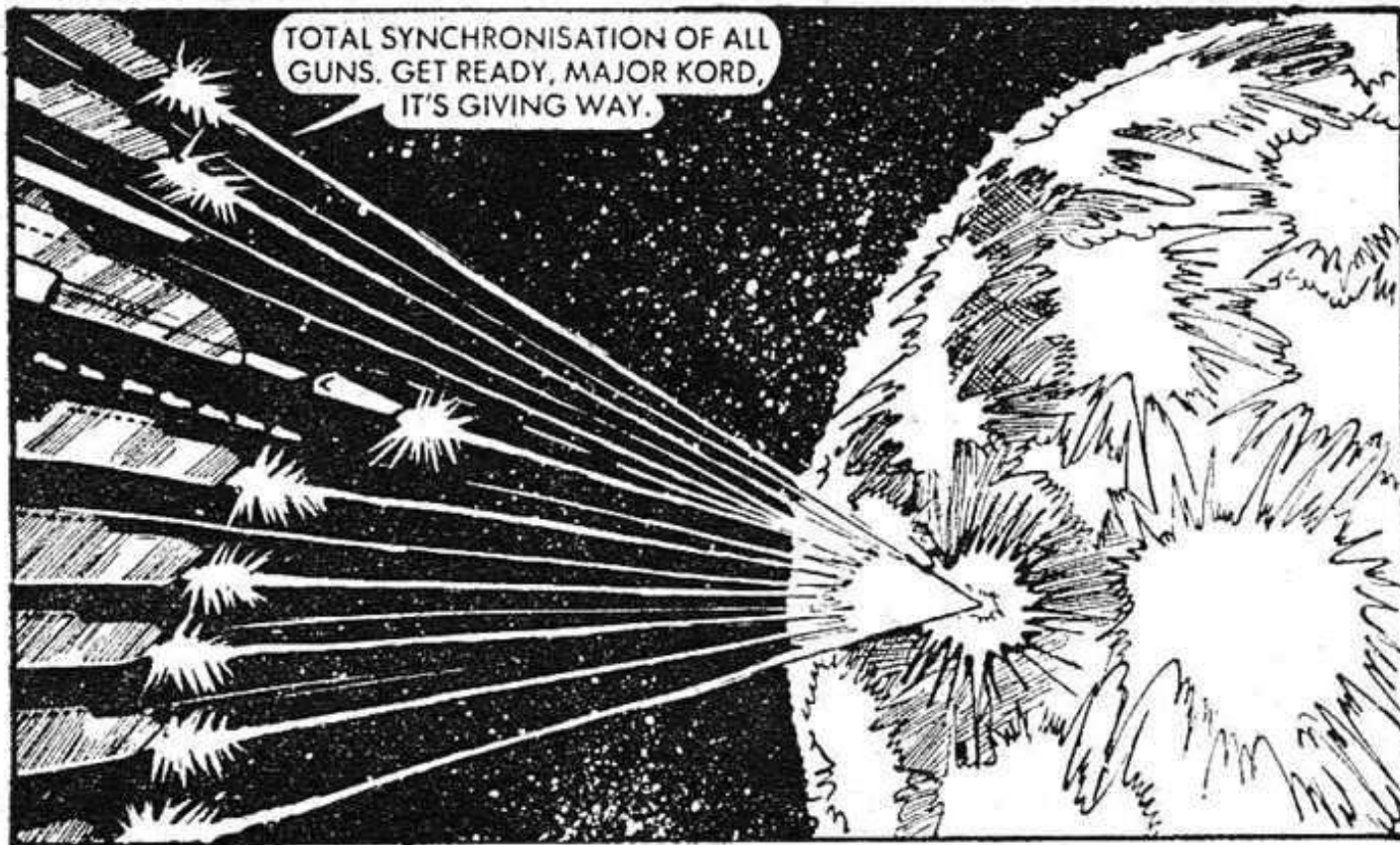




COMMANDO PODS WERE SMALL PLANETARY ASSAULT CRAFT LAUNCHED IN ATMOSPHERE.

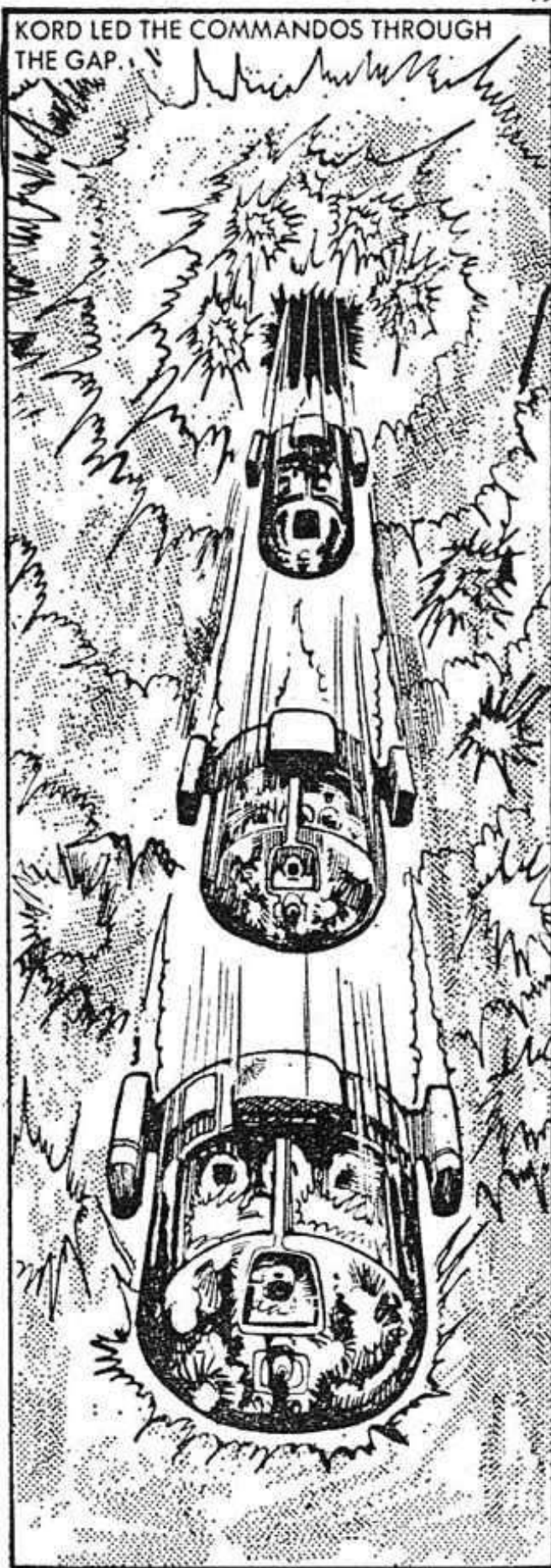


TOTAL SYNCHRONISATION OF ALL GUNS. GET READY, MAJOR KORD, IT'S GIVING WAY.





KORD LED THE COMMANDOS THROUGH THE GAP.



BUT ONLY THREE PODS HAD PASSED THROUGH WHEN THE ENERGY COCOON RESEALED.



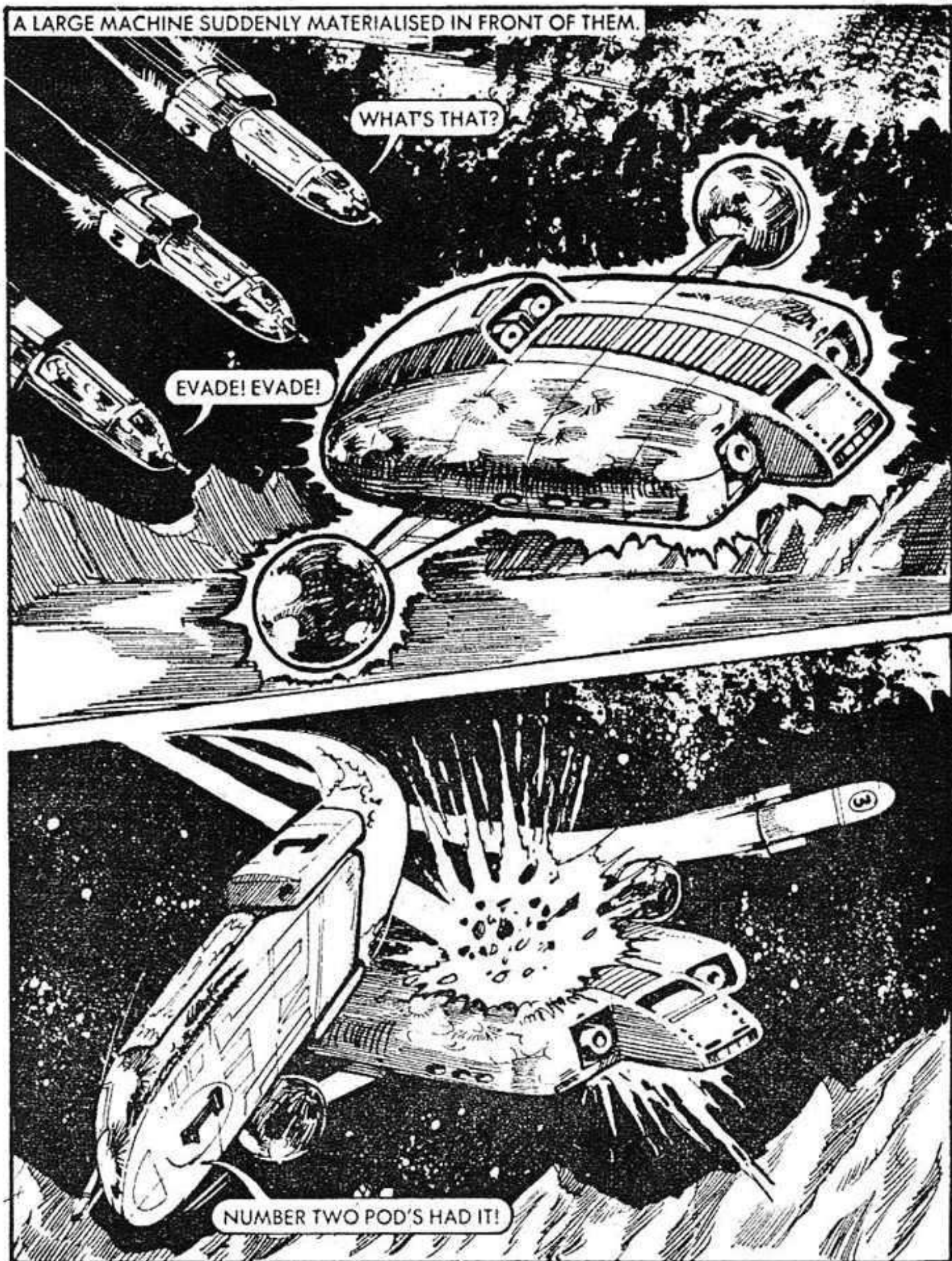
MAKE FOR THE LAND, ALL PODS. WE'RE ON OUR OWN!

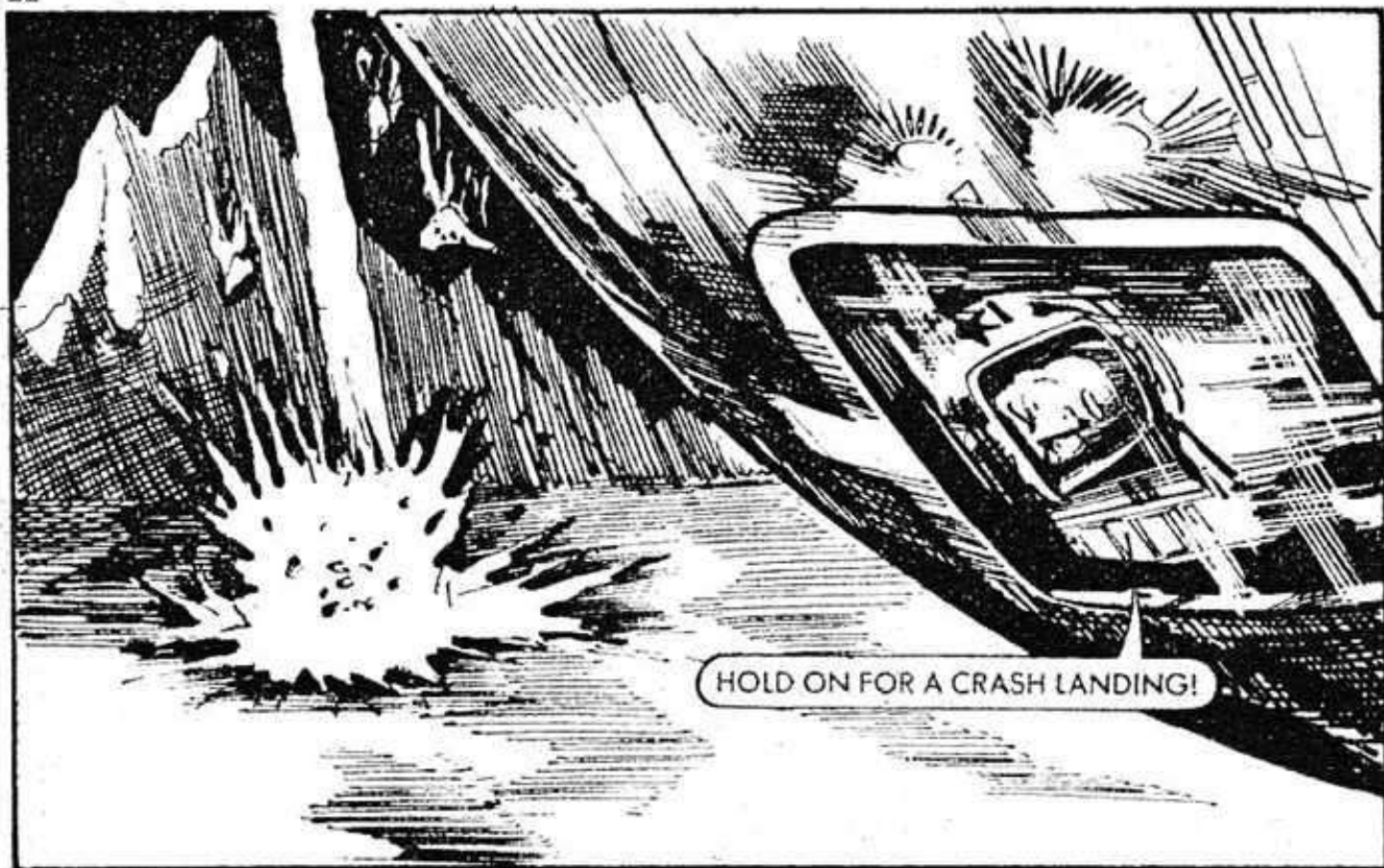
A LARGE MACHINE SUDDENLY MATERIALISED IN FRONT OF THEM.

WHAT'S THAT?

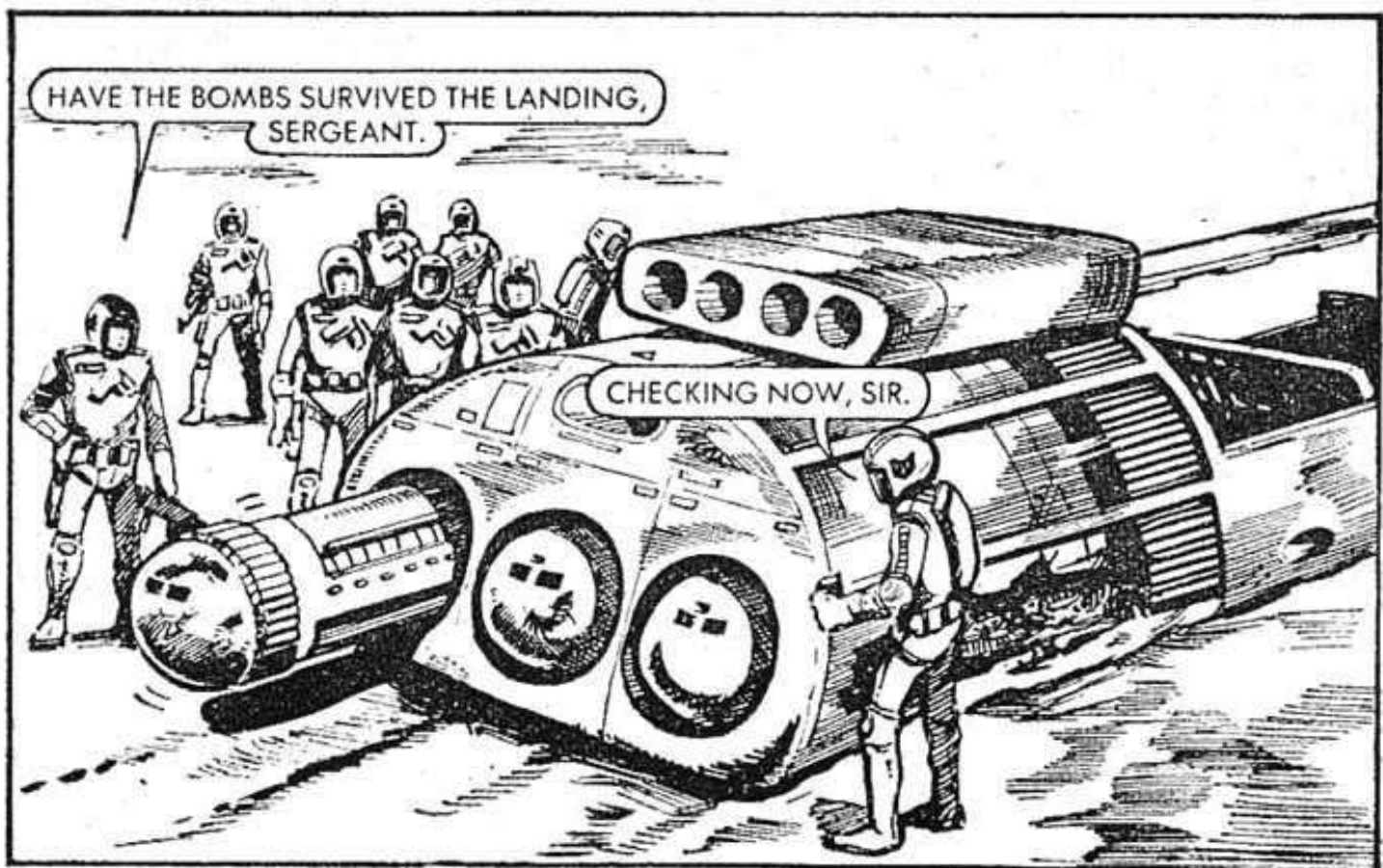
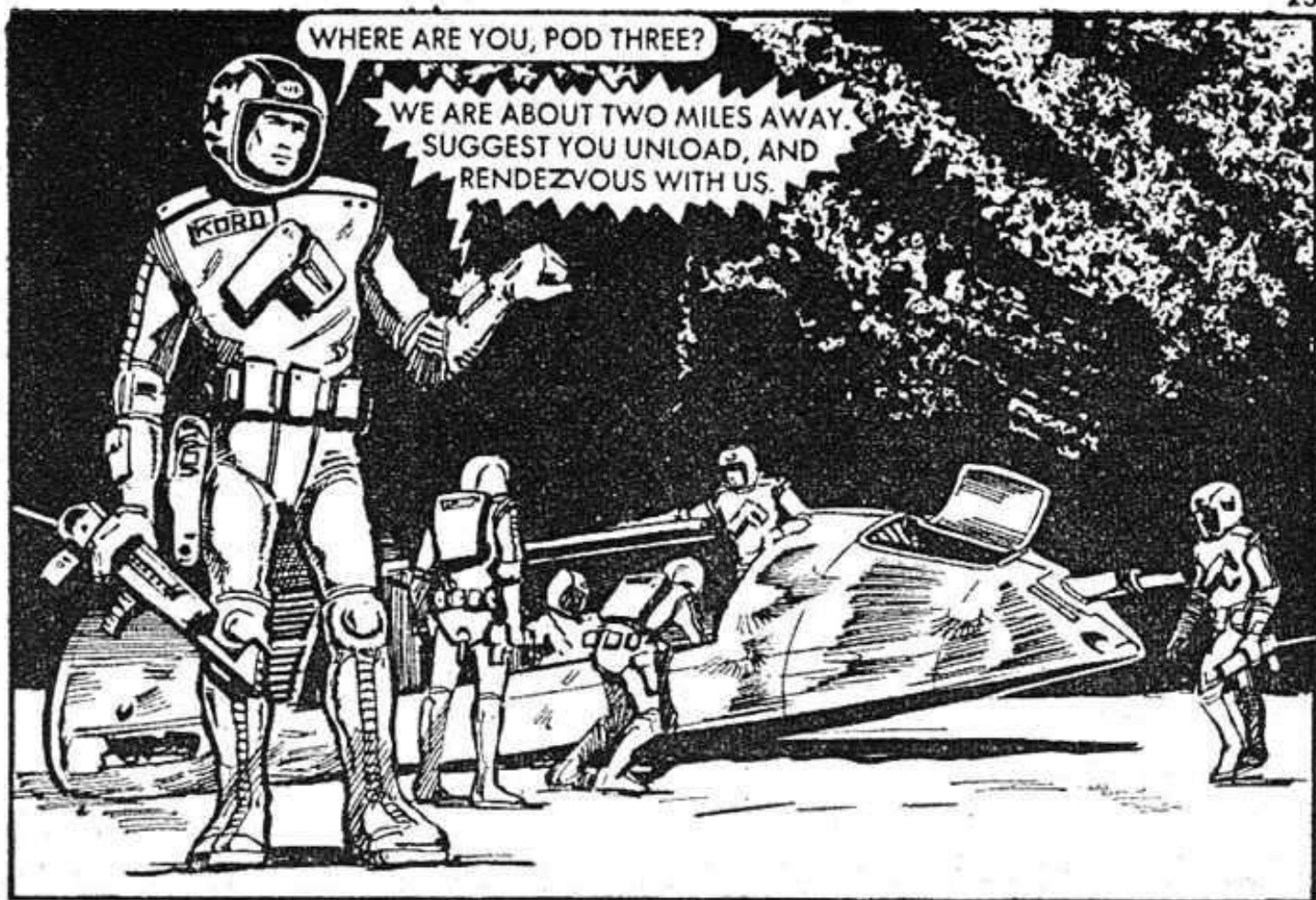
EVADE! EVADE!

NUMBER TWO POD'S HAD IT!

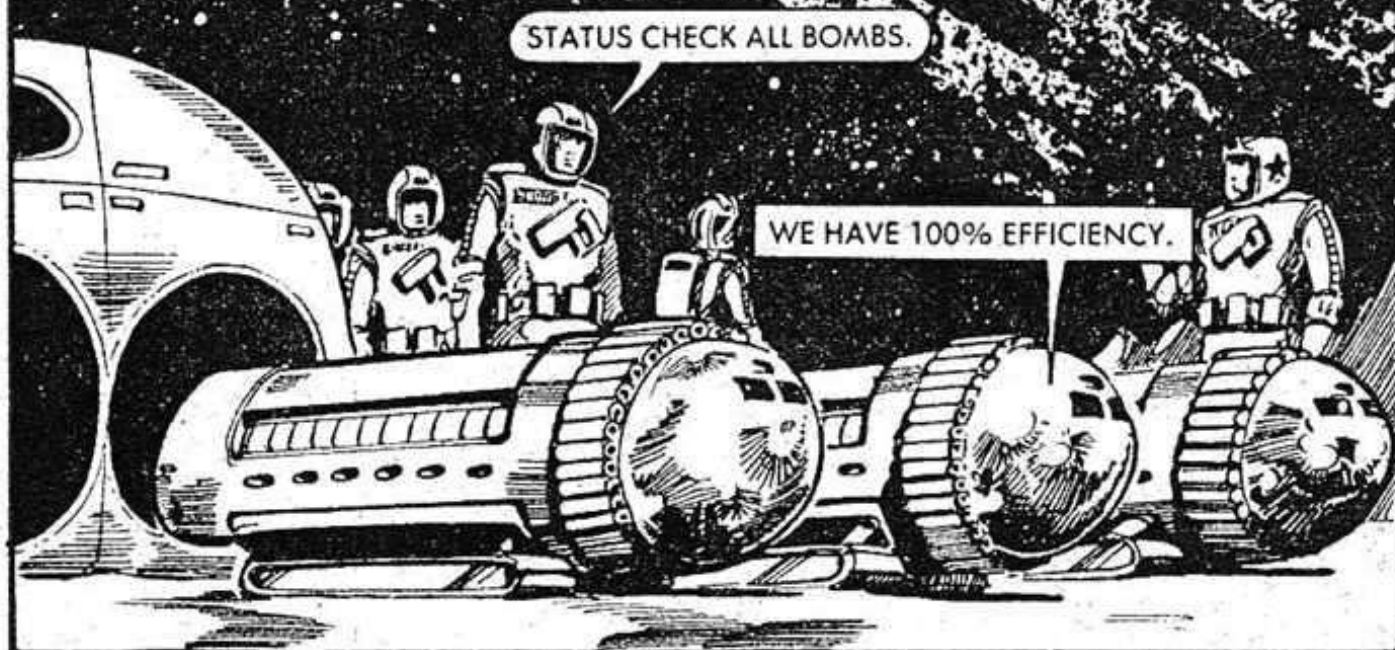




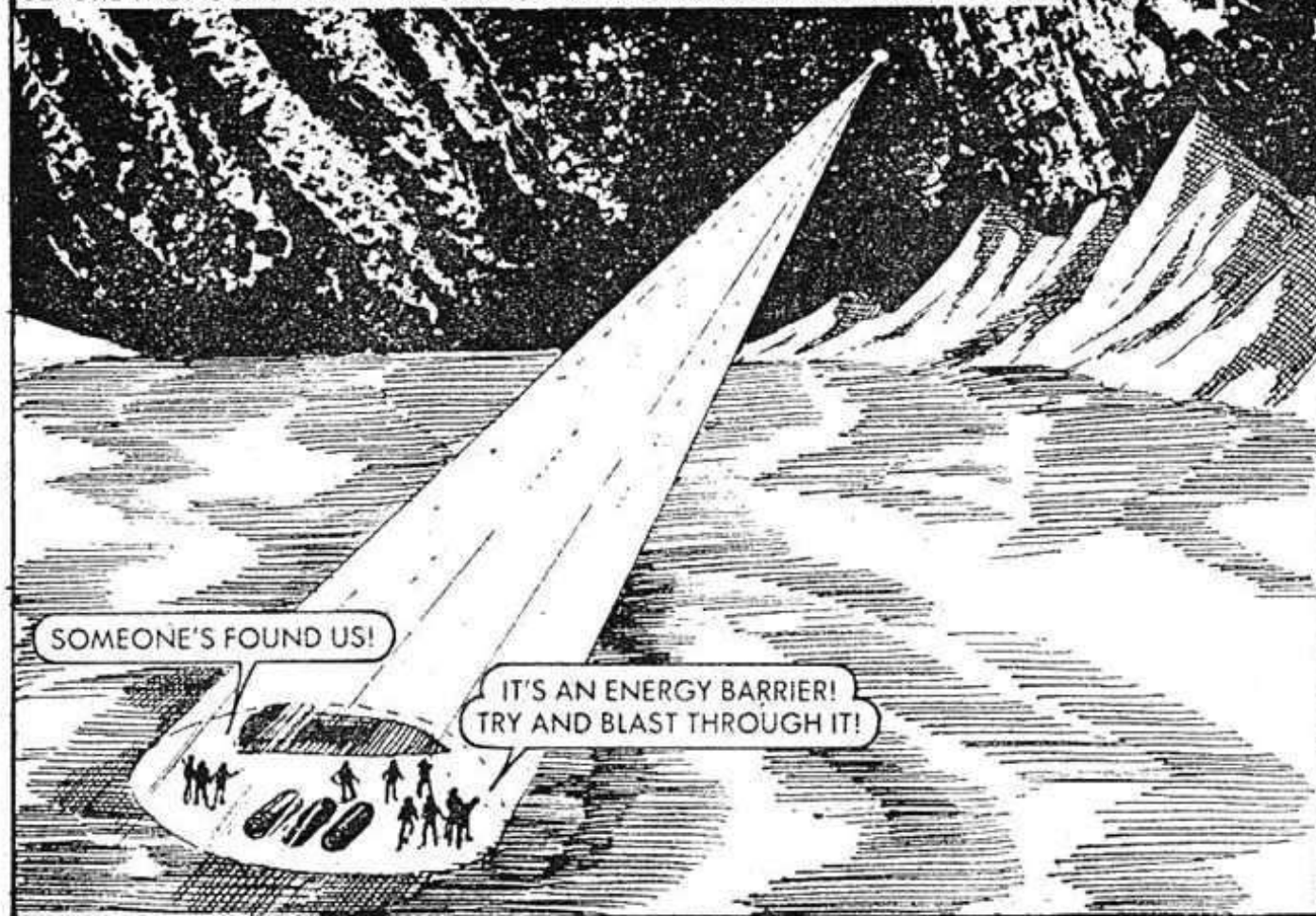
THE POD BOUNCED ACROSS FROZEN SEA UNTIL IT FINALLY STOPPED.



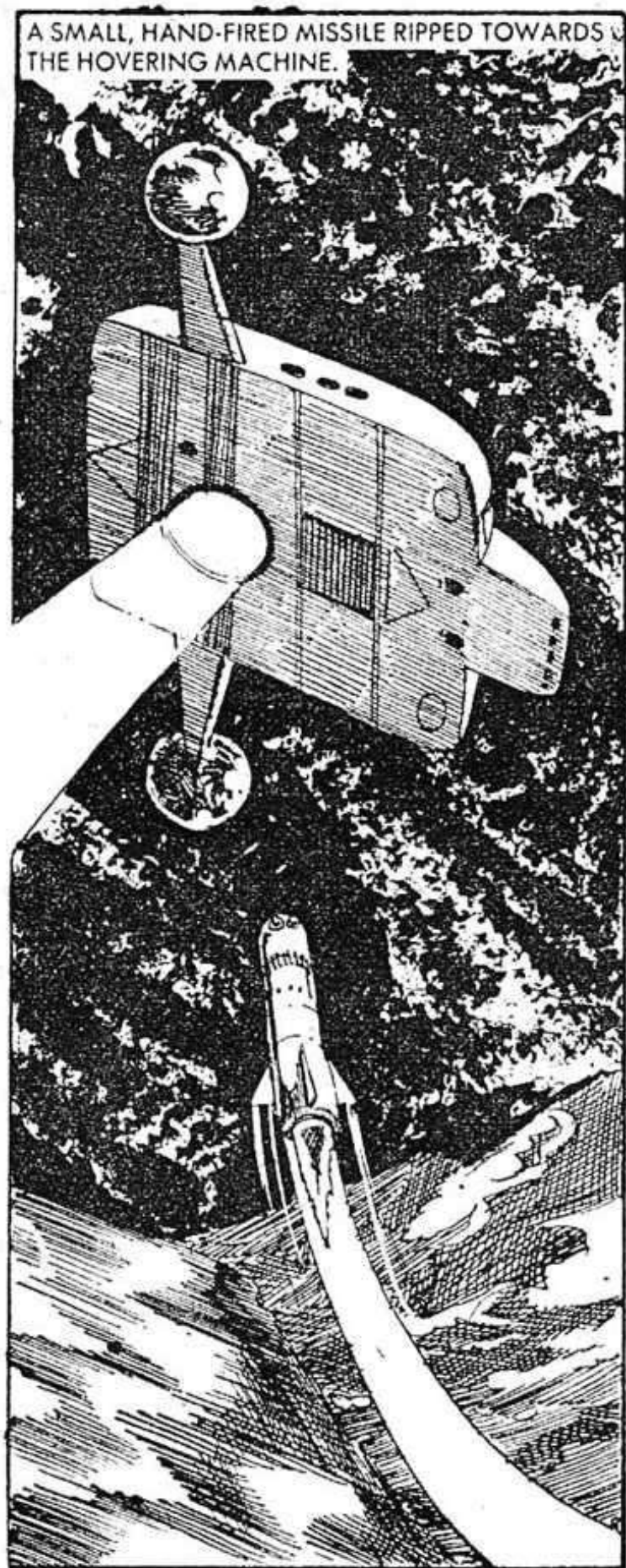
MOLE BOMBS WERE IMMENSELY POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE DEVICES. THEY COULD TALK, WERE SELF-PROPELLED AND COULD VAPORISE THEIR WAY THROUGH ALMOST ANYTHING AT HIGH SPEED.



BEFORE THEY COULD MOVE A CONE OF LIGHT BLAZED DOWN FROM THE SKY.









THE ICE HAD REFORMED OVER THE SUNKEN CREW OF POD 1, SEALING THEM FOREVER.



ANOTHER FLYER APPEARED.

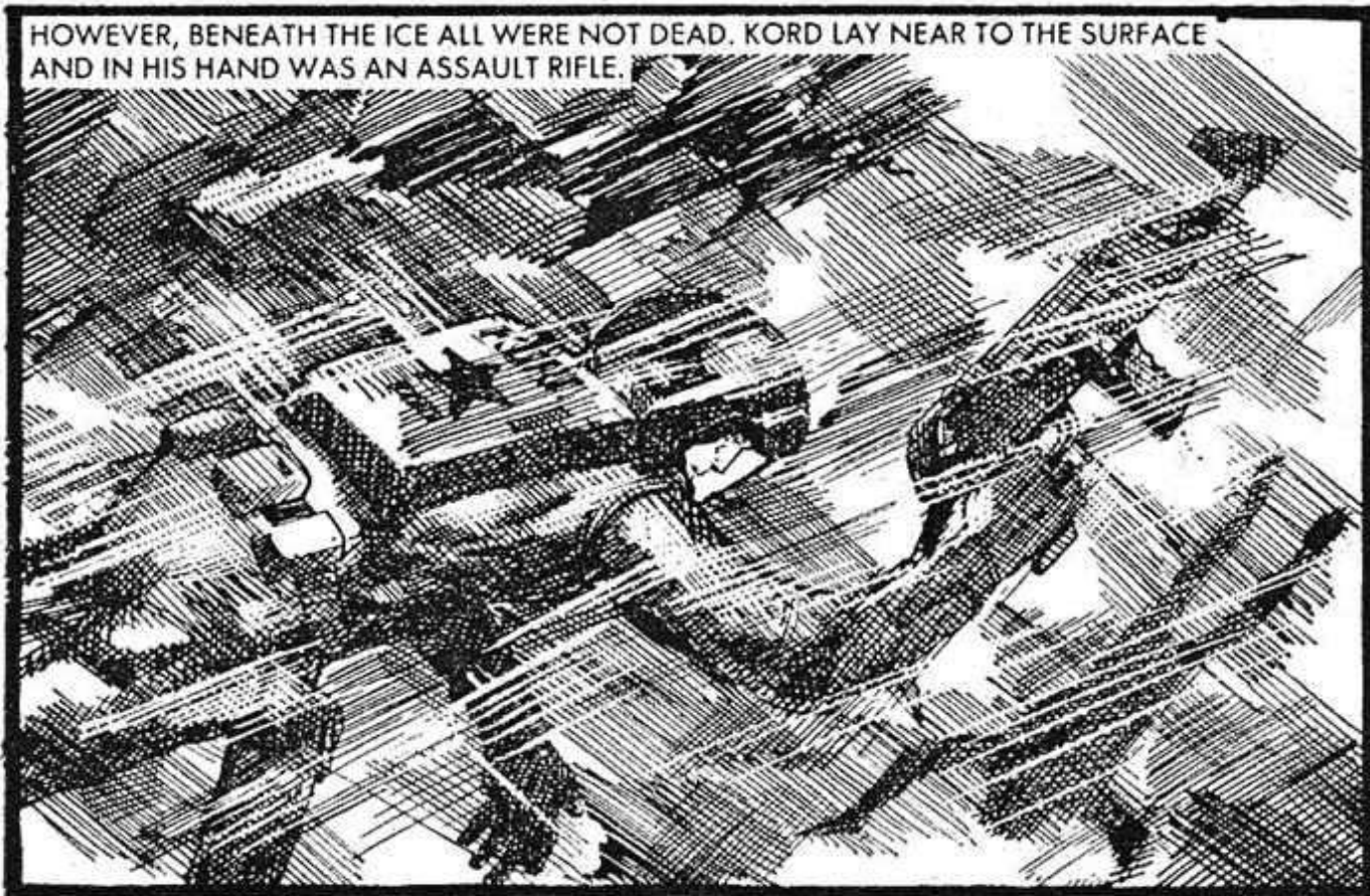


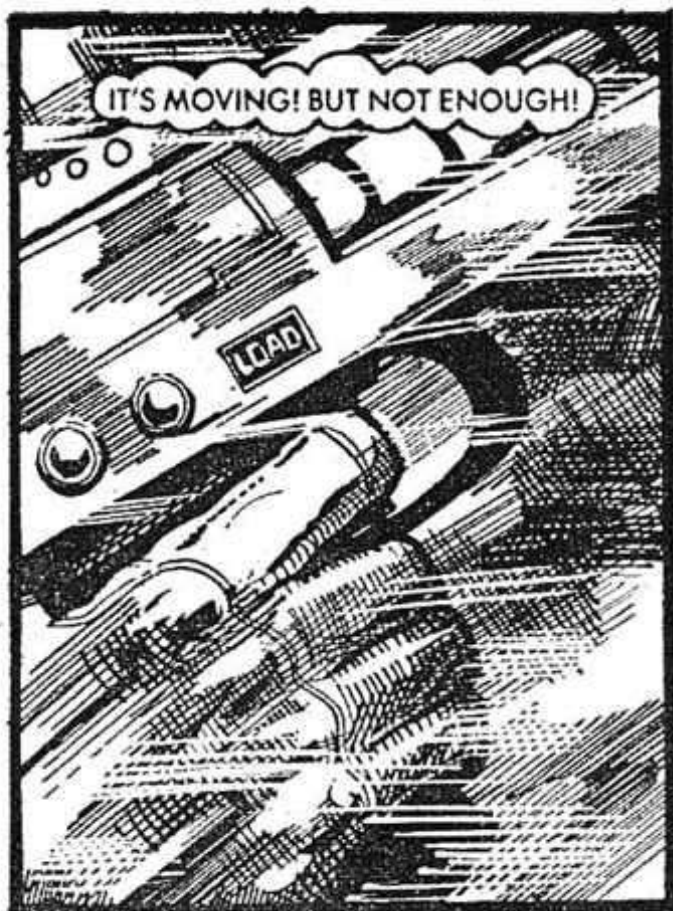
THERE WAS NO ONE TO HELP THEM.

THE MACHINE CIRCLED LOW TO INVESTIGATE.



HOWEVER, BENEATH THE ICE ALL WERE NOT DEAD. KORD LAY NEAR TO THE SURFACE AND IN HIS HAND WAS AN ASSAULT RIFLE.





FURY AND FRUSTRATION POWERED KORD'S MUSCLES AND SUDDENLY THE RIFLE FIRED.

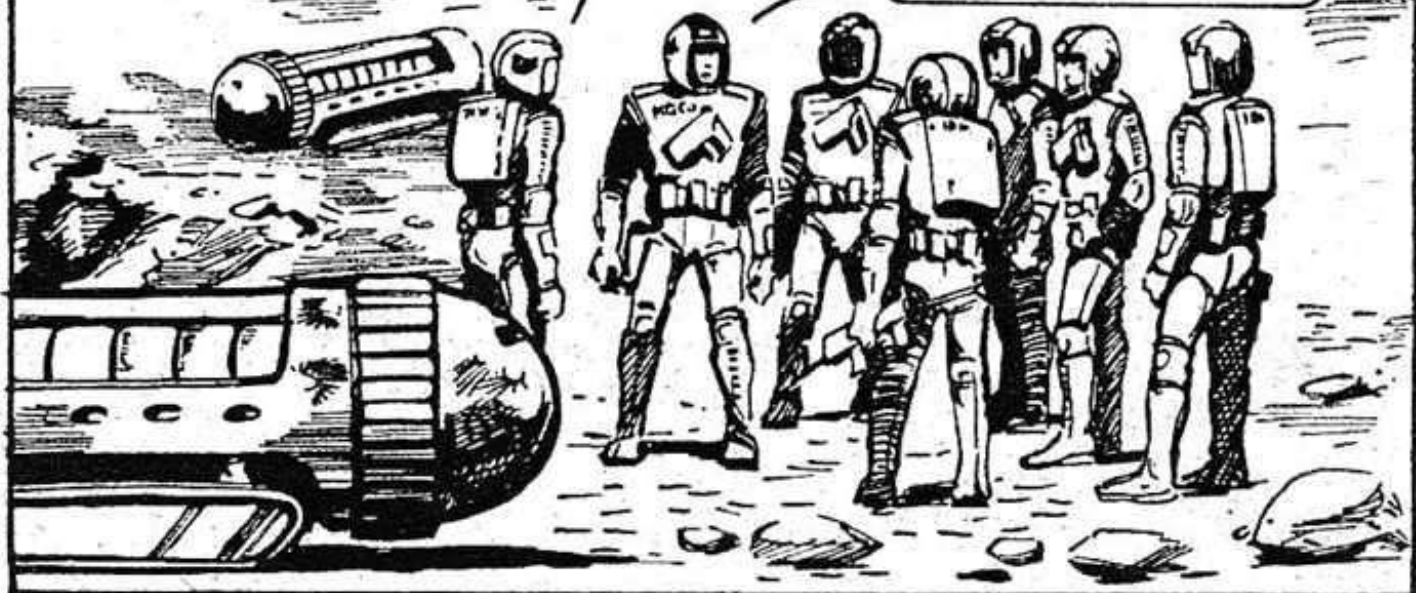




AN HOUR LATER SEVEN SURVIVORS AND TWO MOLES STOOD FREE UPON THE ICE.

WE'RE ALL THAT'S LEFT OF COMMANDO
FORCE. WE'VE TWO MOLES AND NO
REINFORCEMENTS.

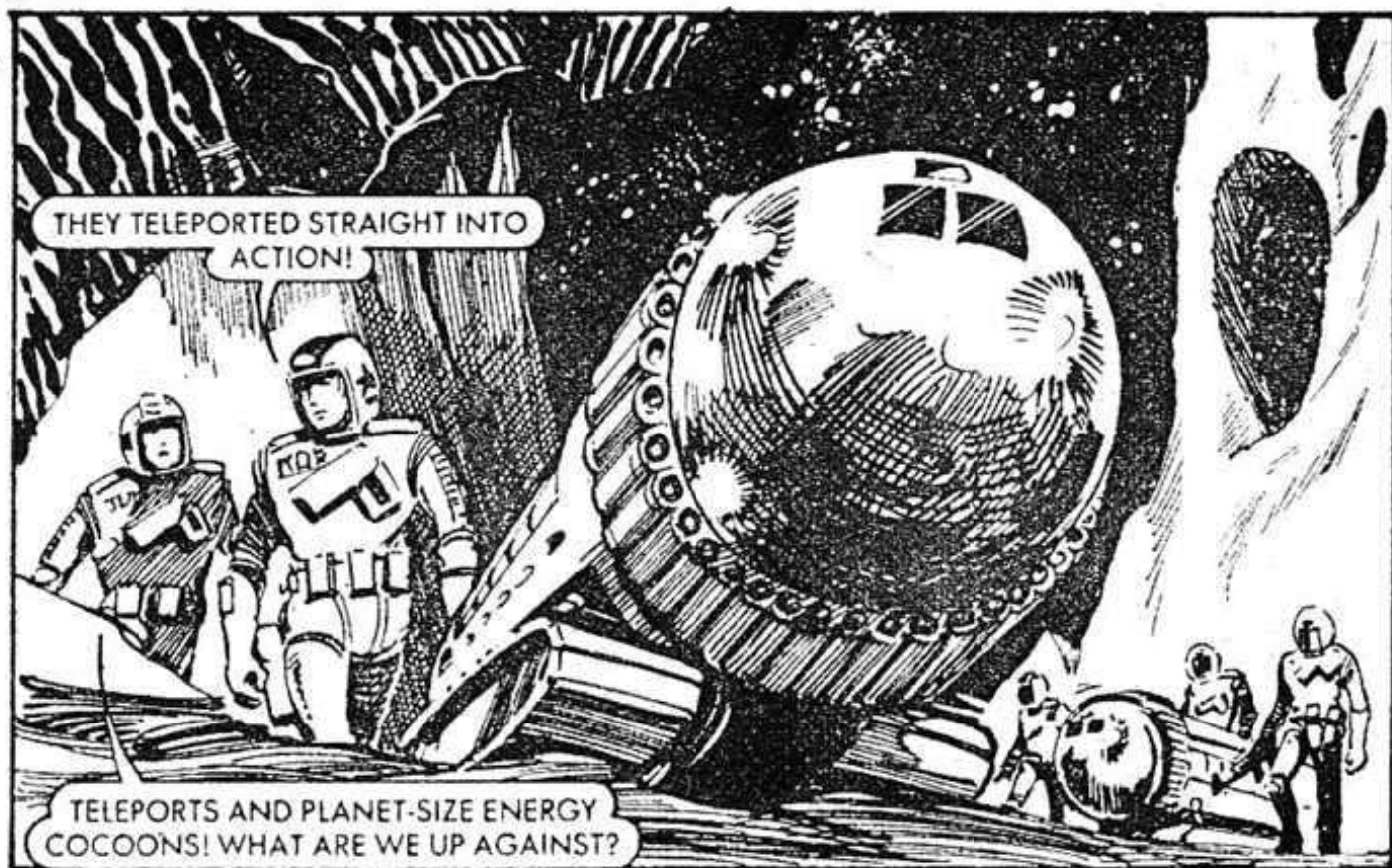
WE'VE GOT TO DESTROY THIS ROCK
BEFORE IT SMASHES EARTH.



HOW SIR? TWO MOLES AREN'T
ENOUGH TO DO IT.



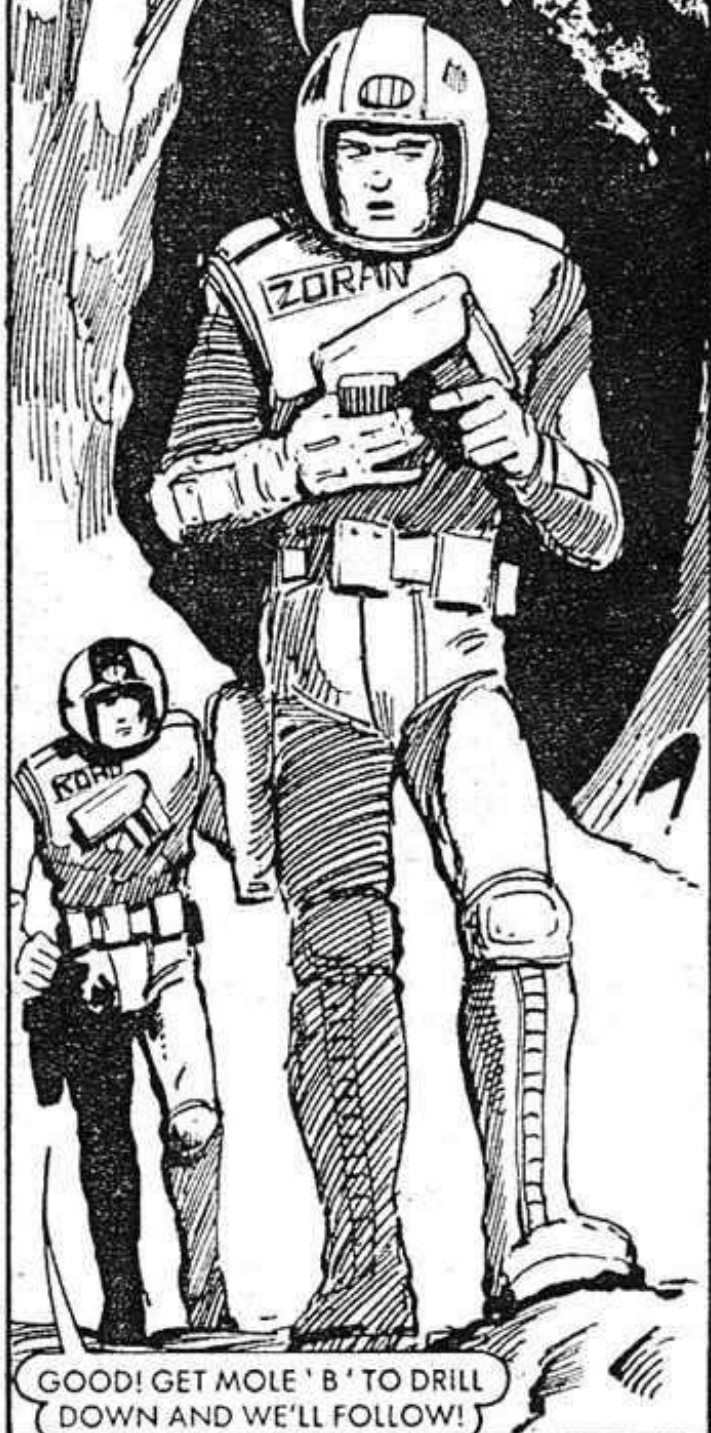
THERE'S A WAY! LET'S GET OFF THIS ICE
FIRST. WE'RE SITTING DUCKS IF
ANOTHER FLYER COMES.





AS THEY WANDERED ACROSS THE BARREN SURFACE...

I'VE GOT SOMETHING, MAJOR. THERE'S A LARGE AIR SPACE AND A LIFE READING SOMEWHERE BELOW US!

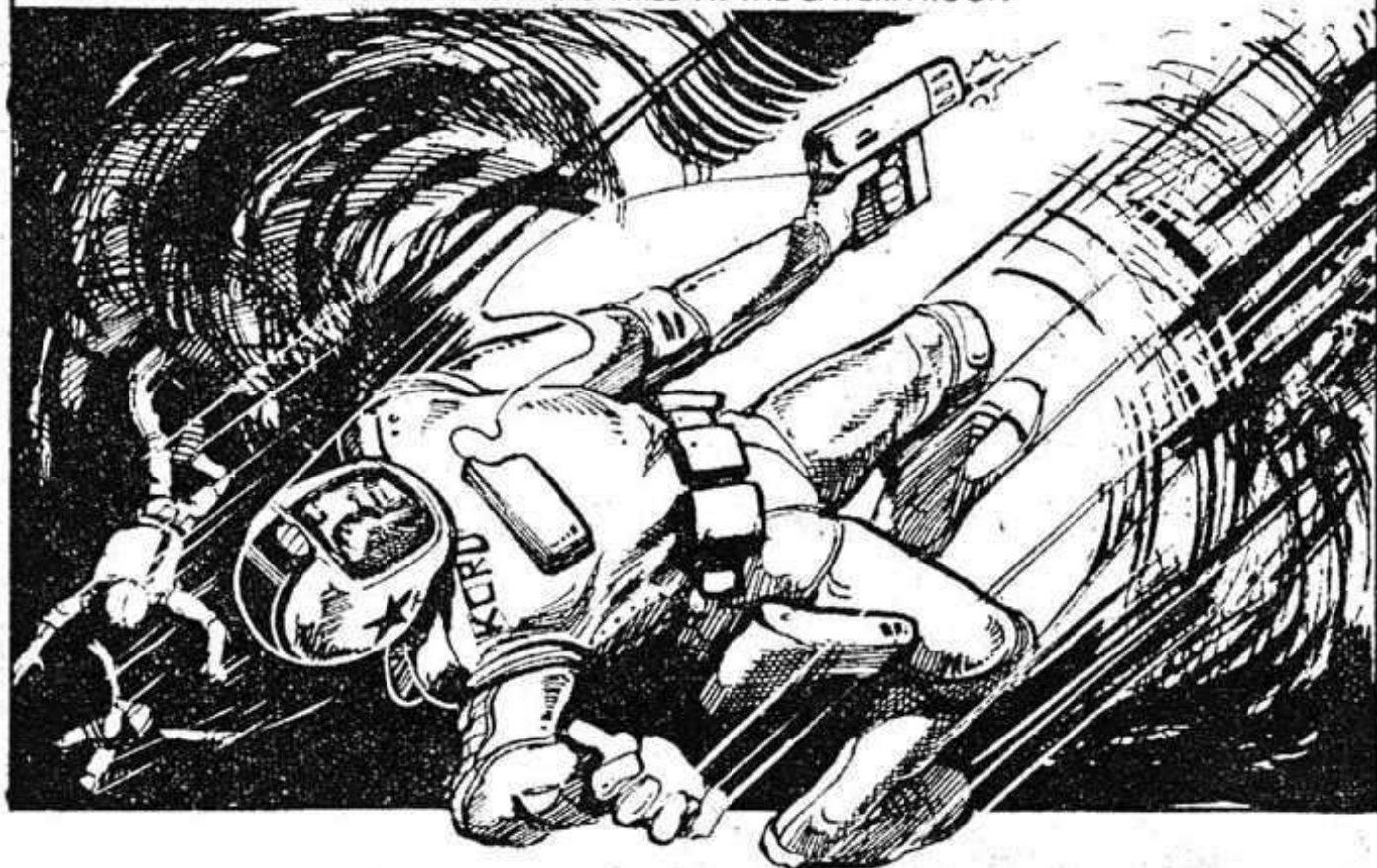




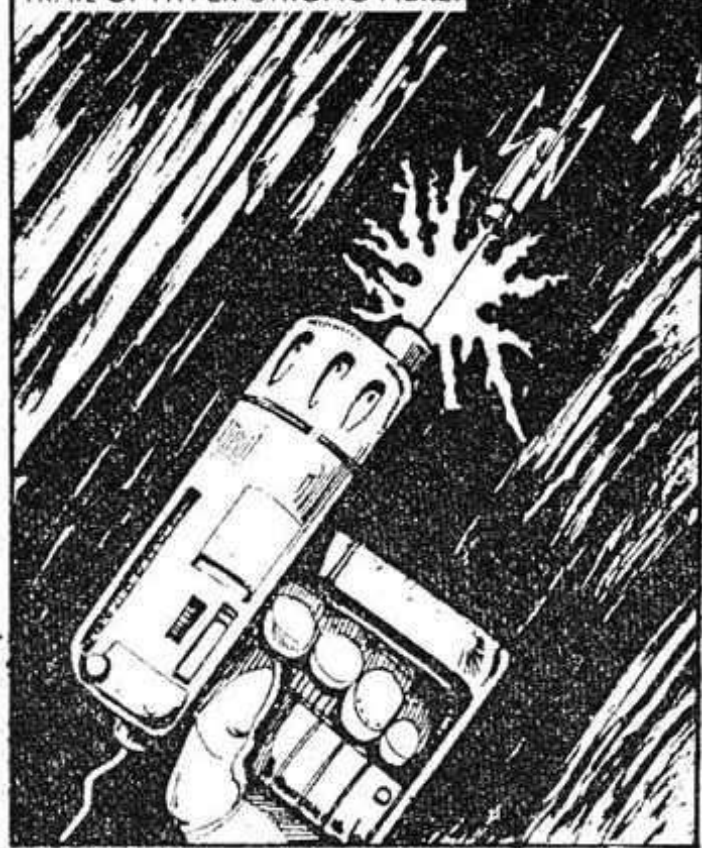




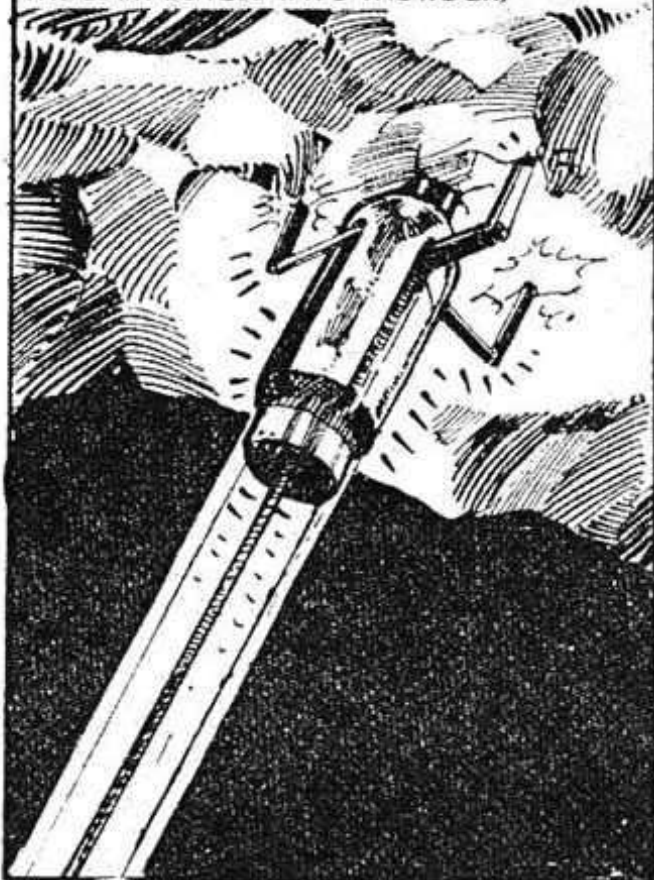
KORD CLAWED FOR THE SPIDER GUN AND FIRED AT THE CAVERN ROOF.



A DART SHOT FROM THE GUN SPINNING A TRAIL OF HYPER-STRONG FIBRE.



THE DART BLITZED INTO THE ROCK.



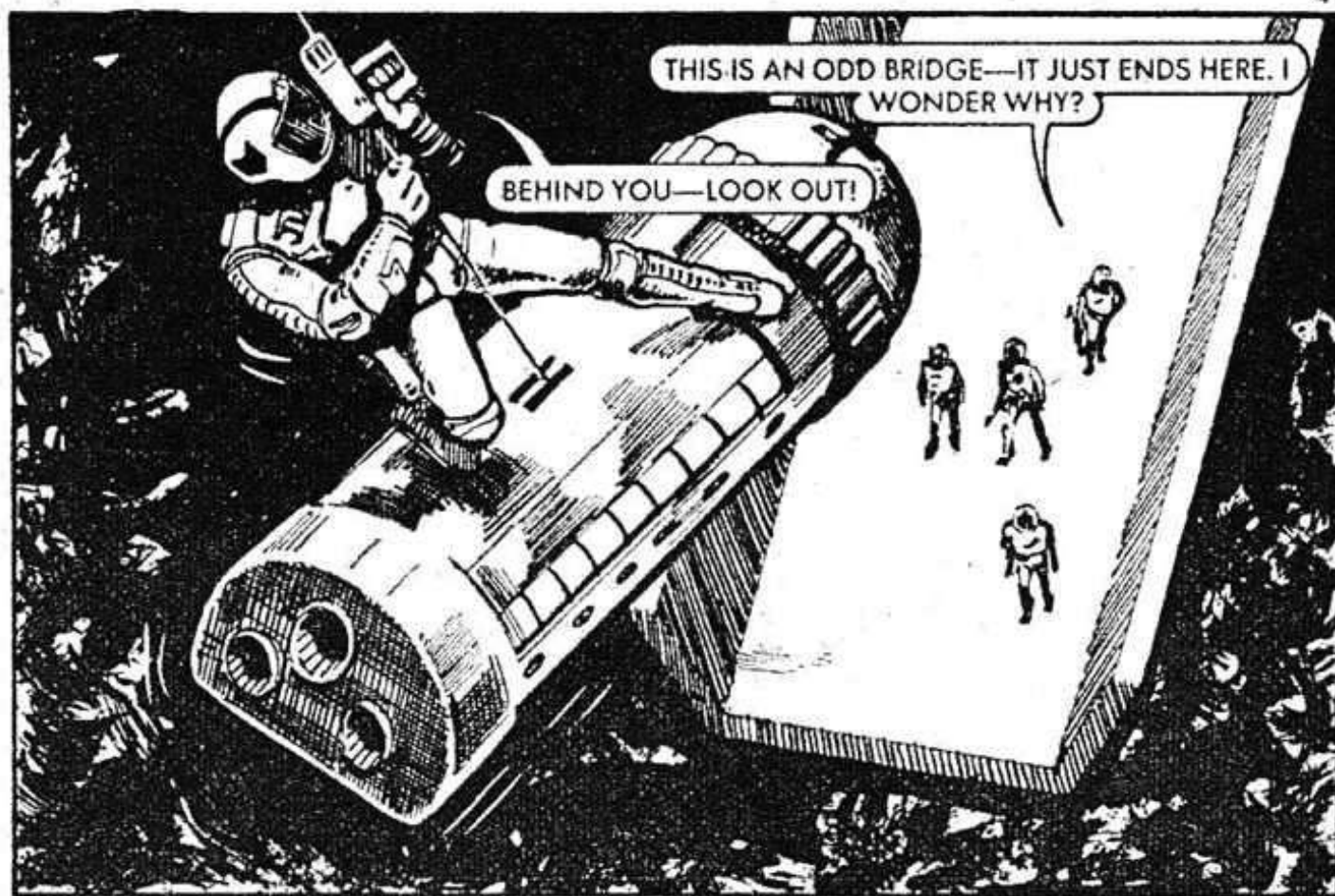
WITH A JERK KORD HALTED.

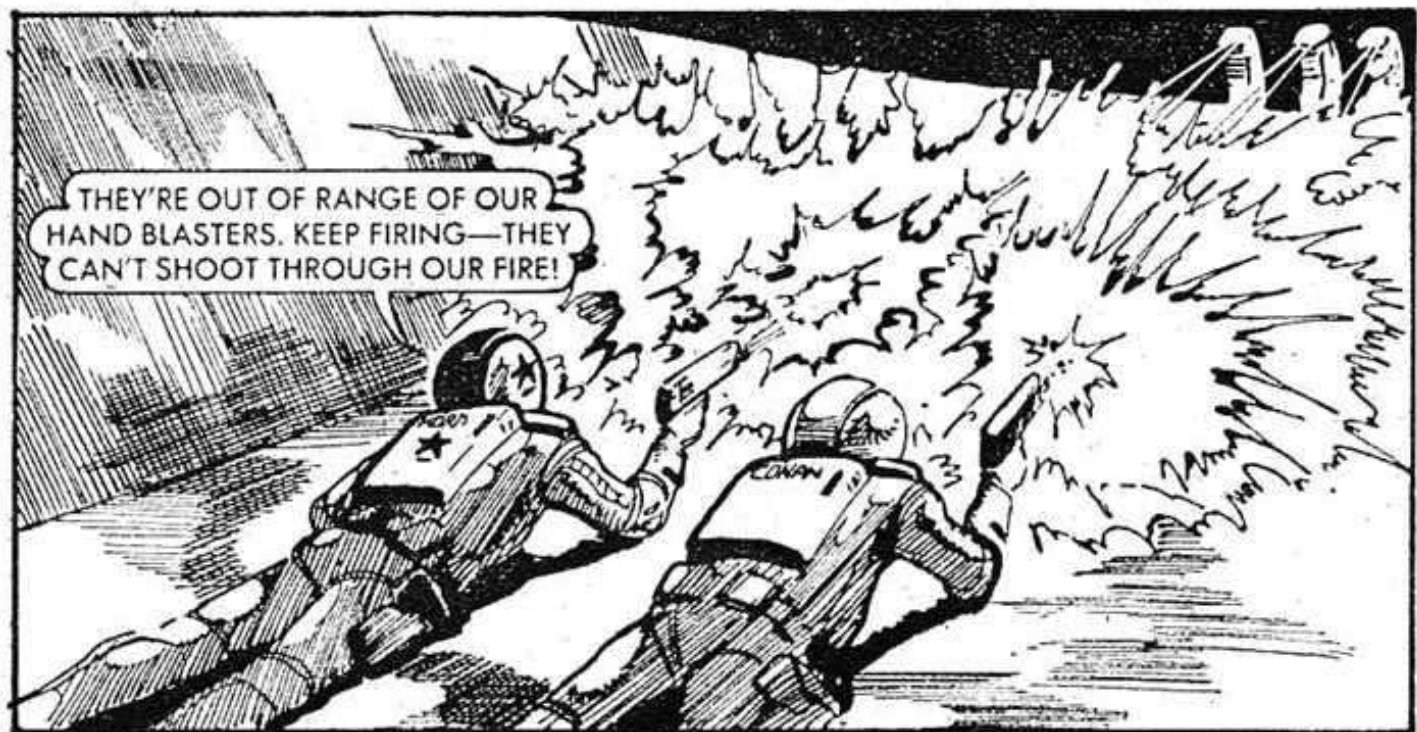




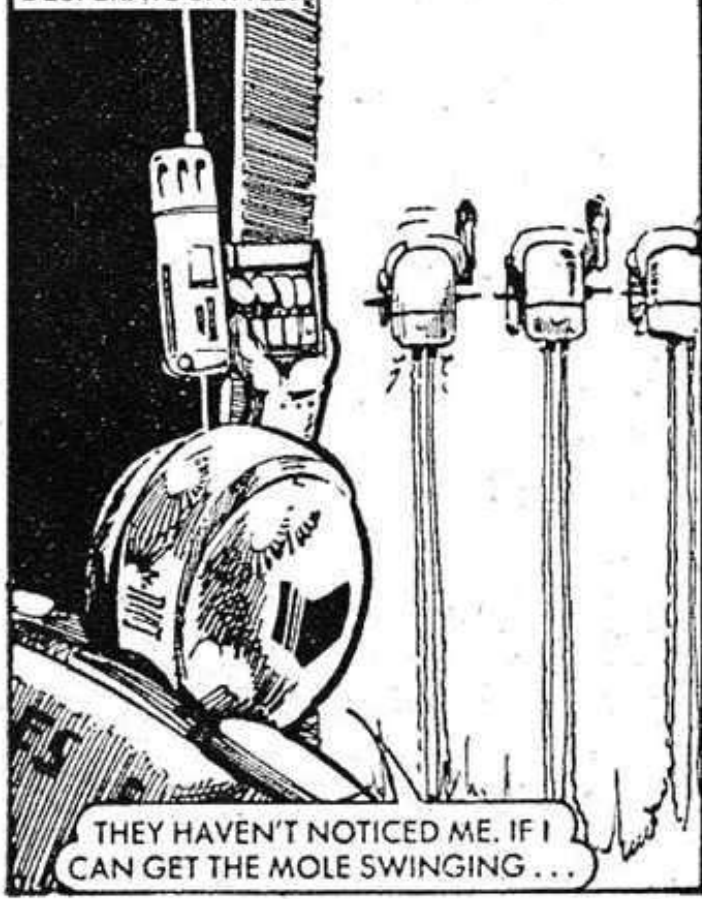
THE COMMANDOS LOWERED THEMSELVES DOWN WITH THE AID OF THEIR SELF-CONTAINED WINCHES.





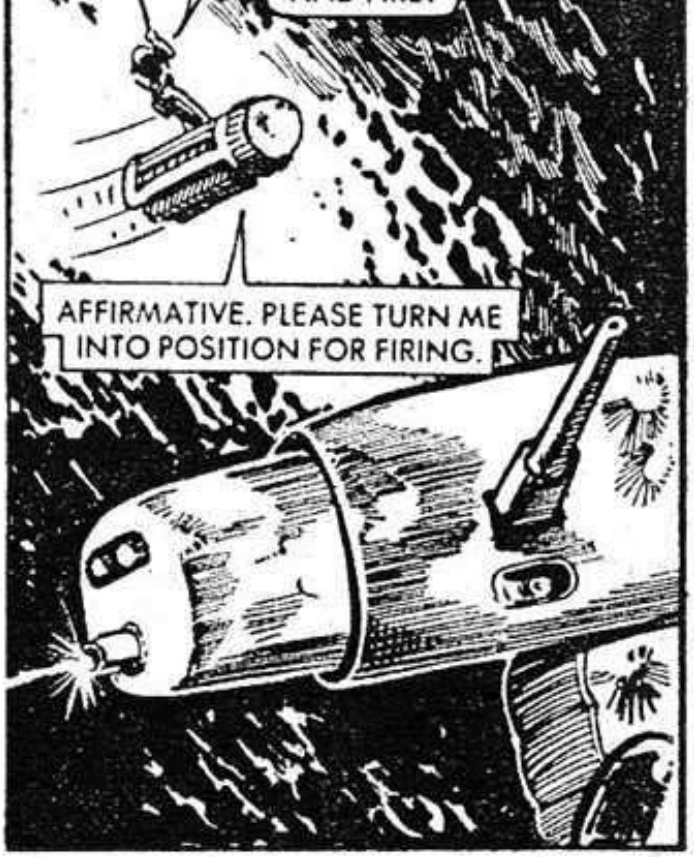


HIGH ABOVE JUKES WATCHED THE
DESPERATE BATTLE.



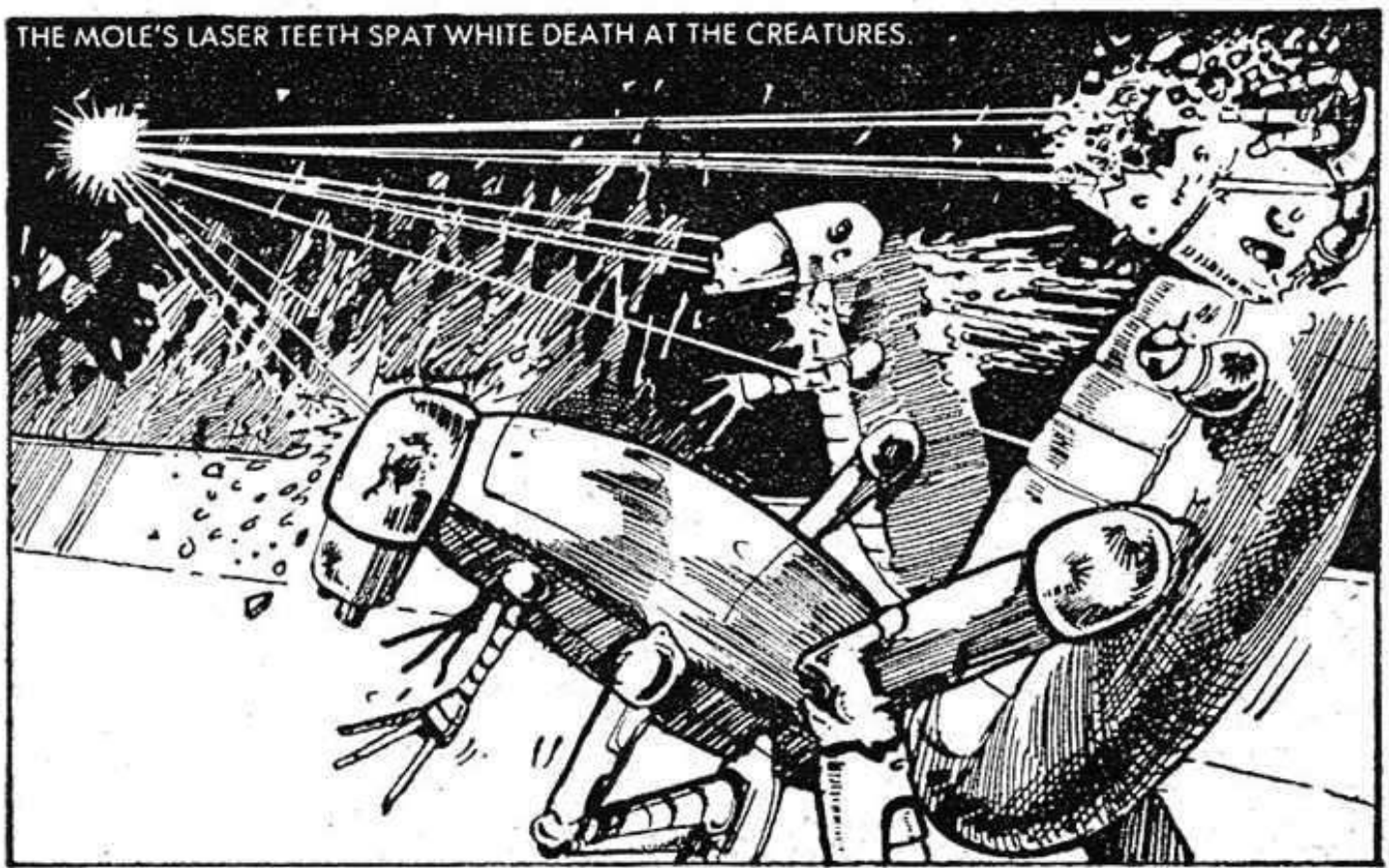
THEY HAVEN'T NOTICED ME. IF I
CAN GET THE MOLE SWINGING ...

WHEN YOU SEE THEM, MOLE, CAN YOU
FOCUS YOUR LASER TEETH ON THEM
AND FIRE?

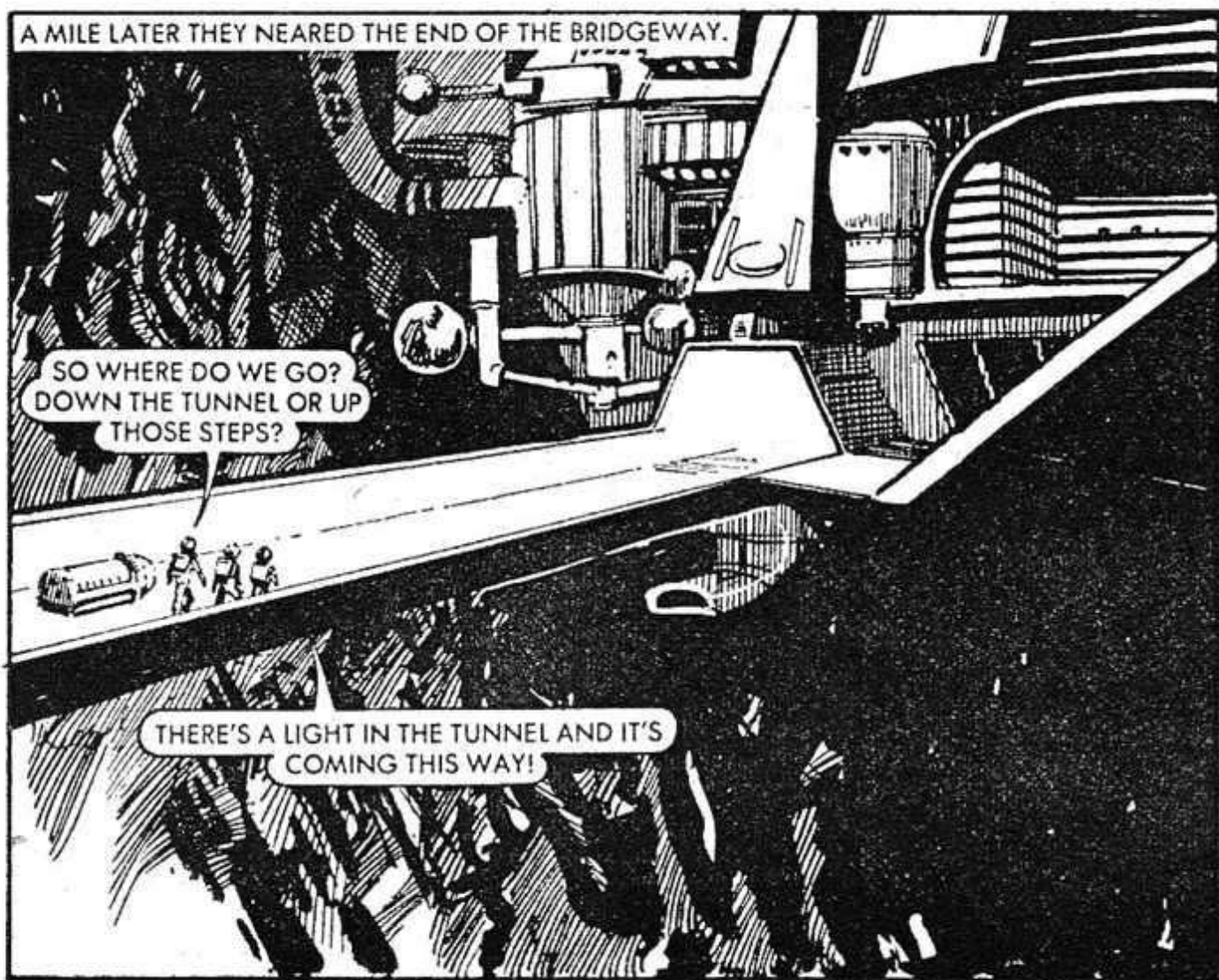


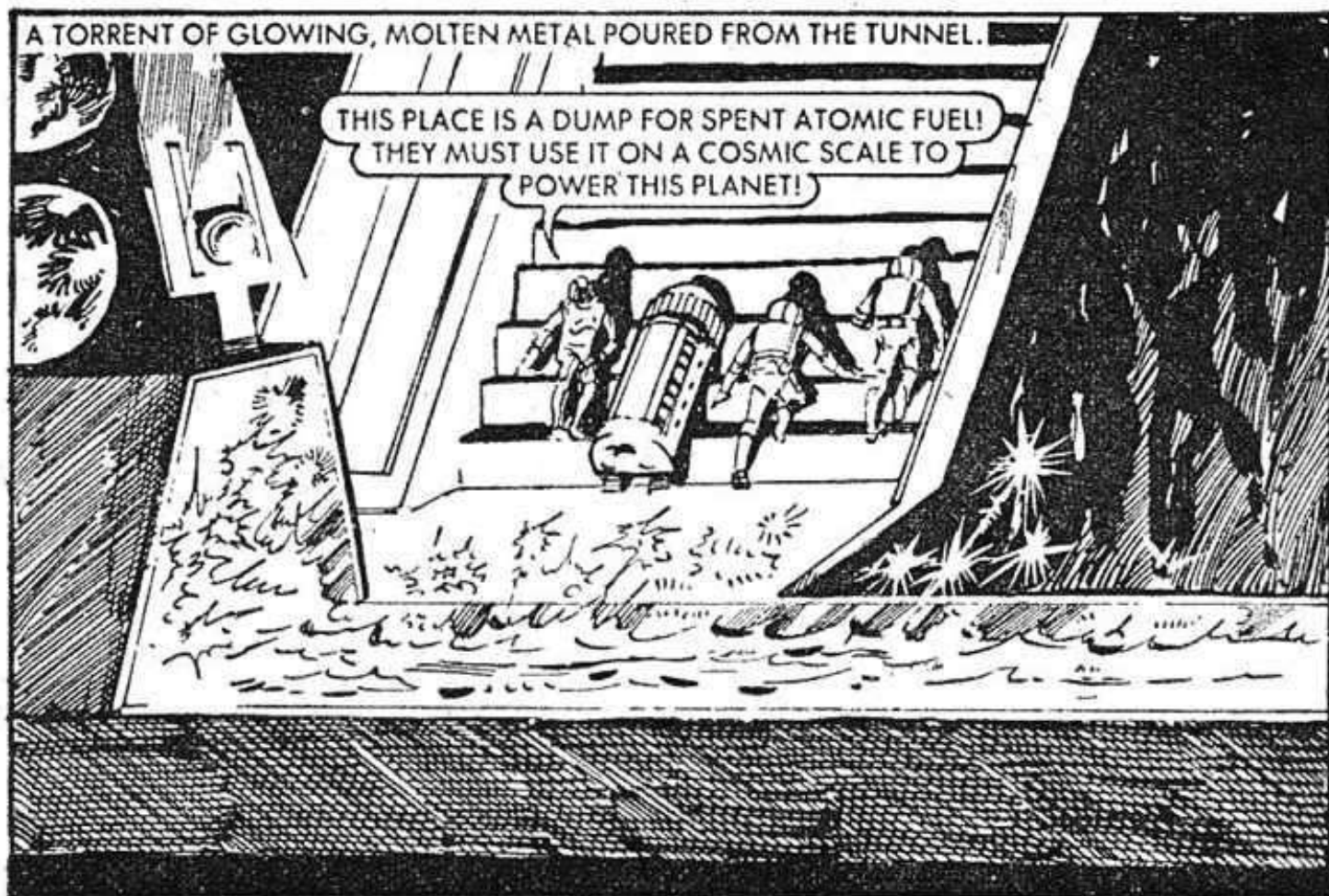
AFFIRMATIVE. PLEASE TURN ME
INTO POSITION FOR FIRING.

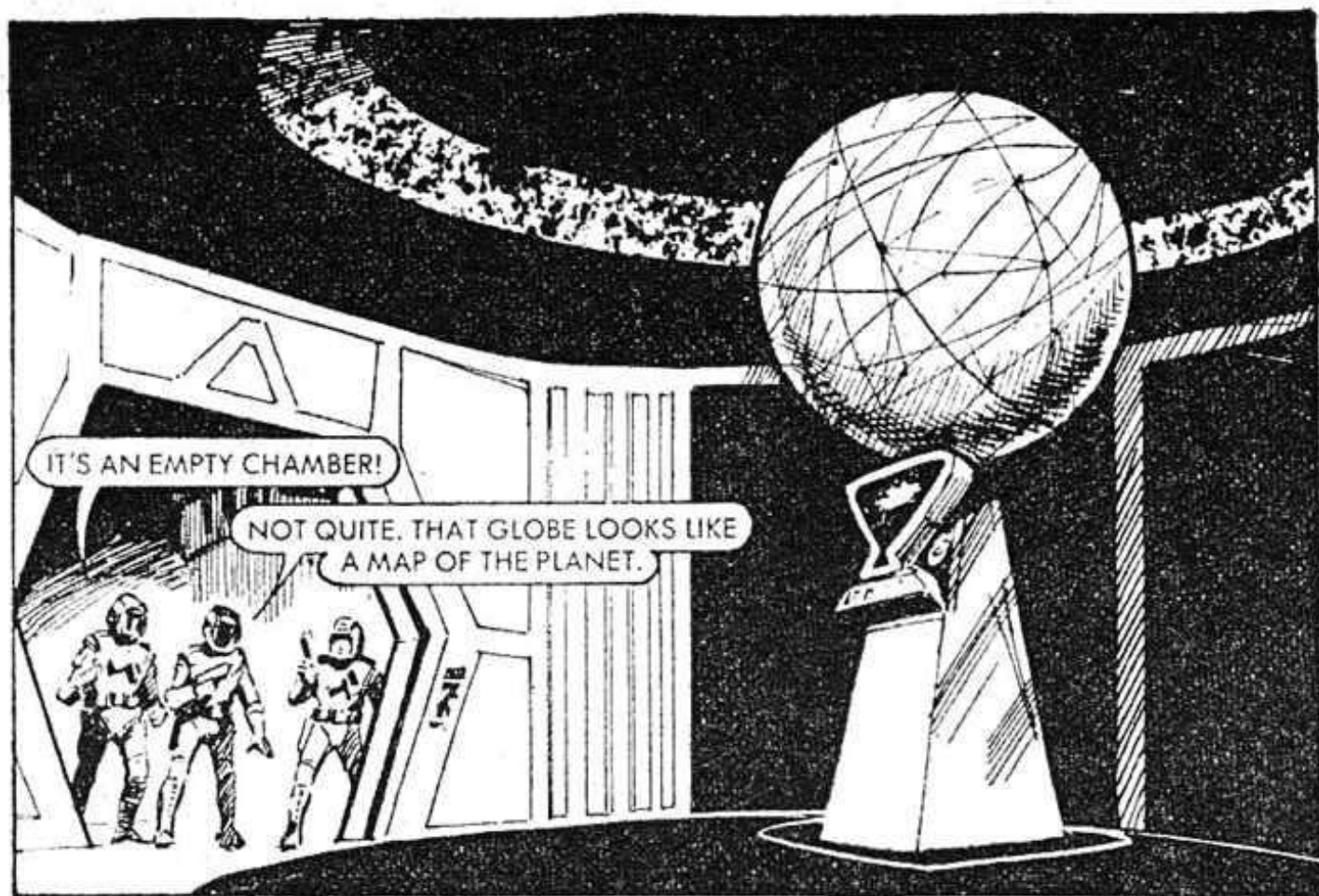
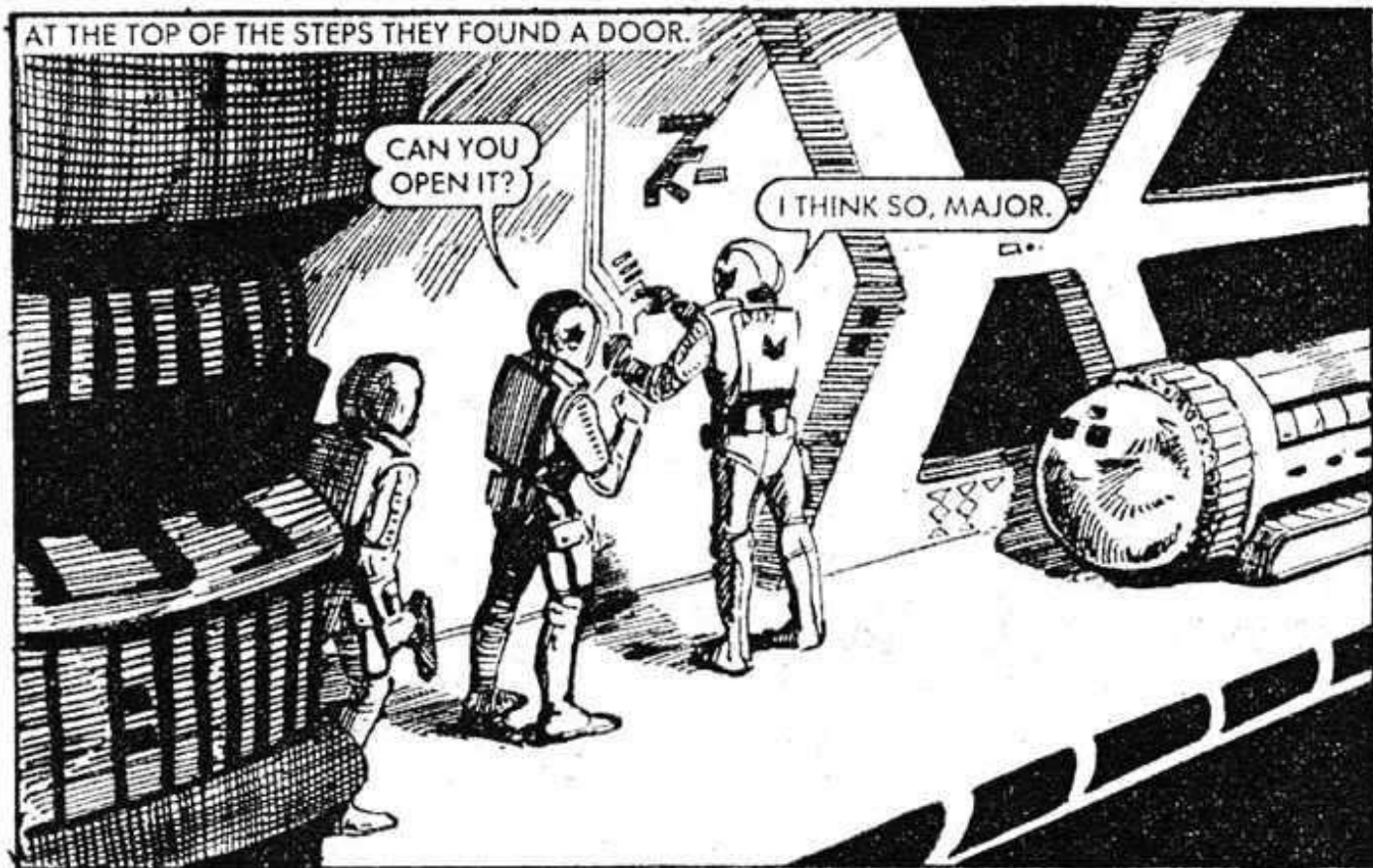
THE MOLE'S LASER TEETH SPAT WHITE DEATH AT THE CREATURES.





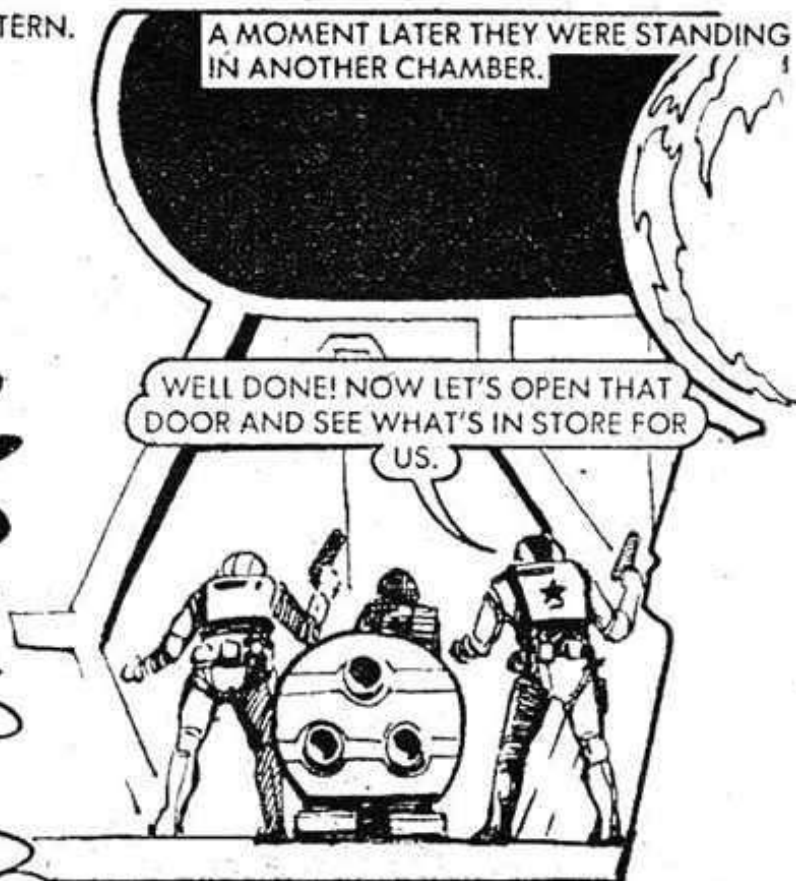


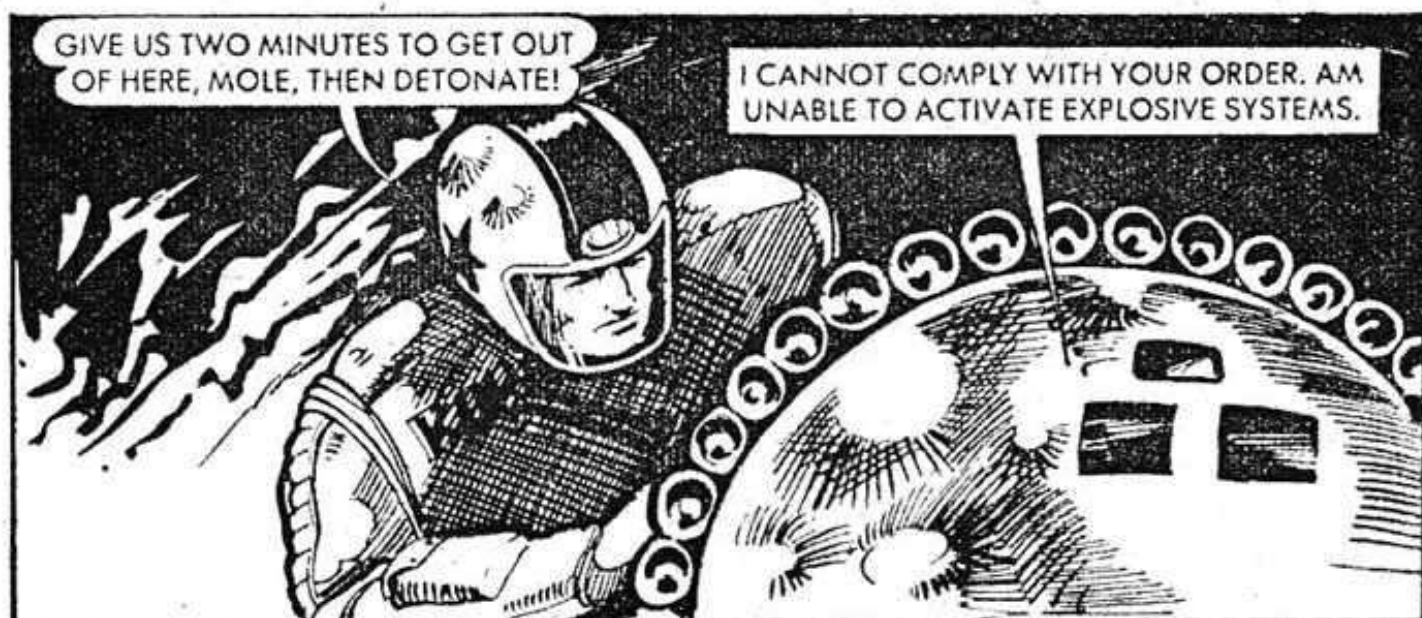
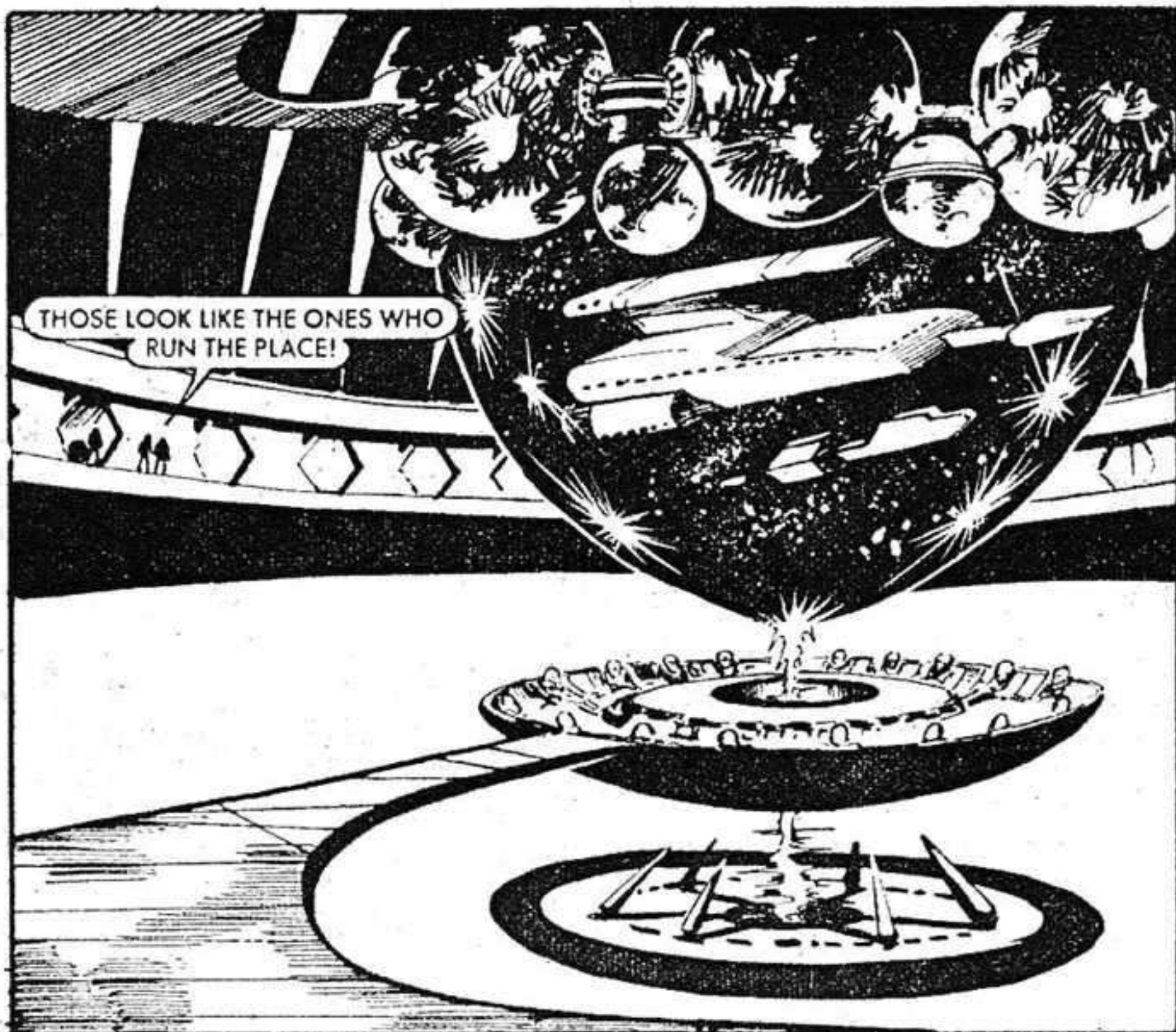


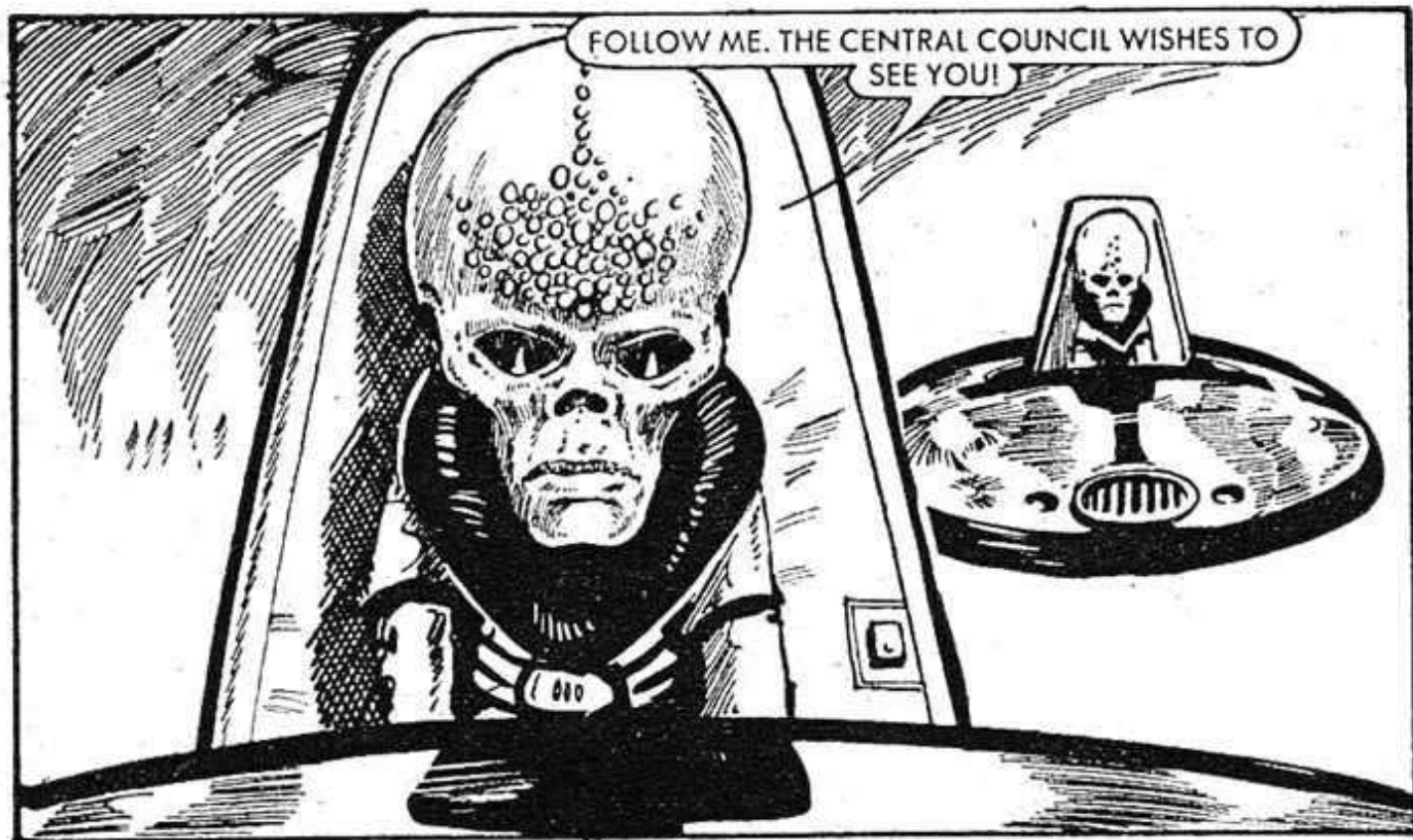
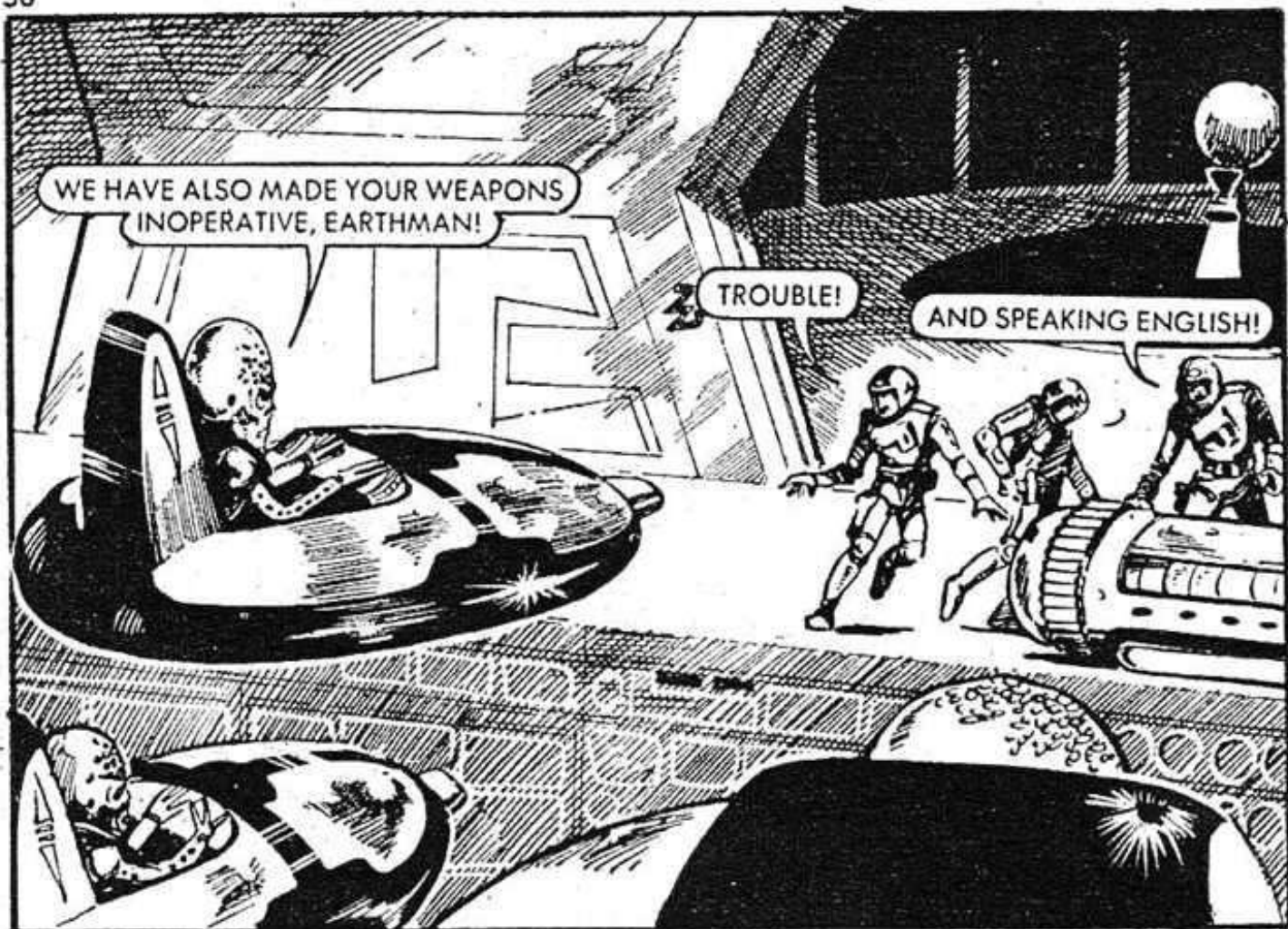




THE CONTROLS WERE OF STANDARD PATTERN.

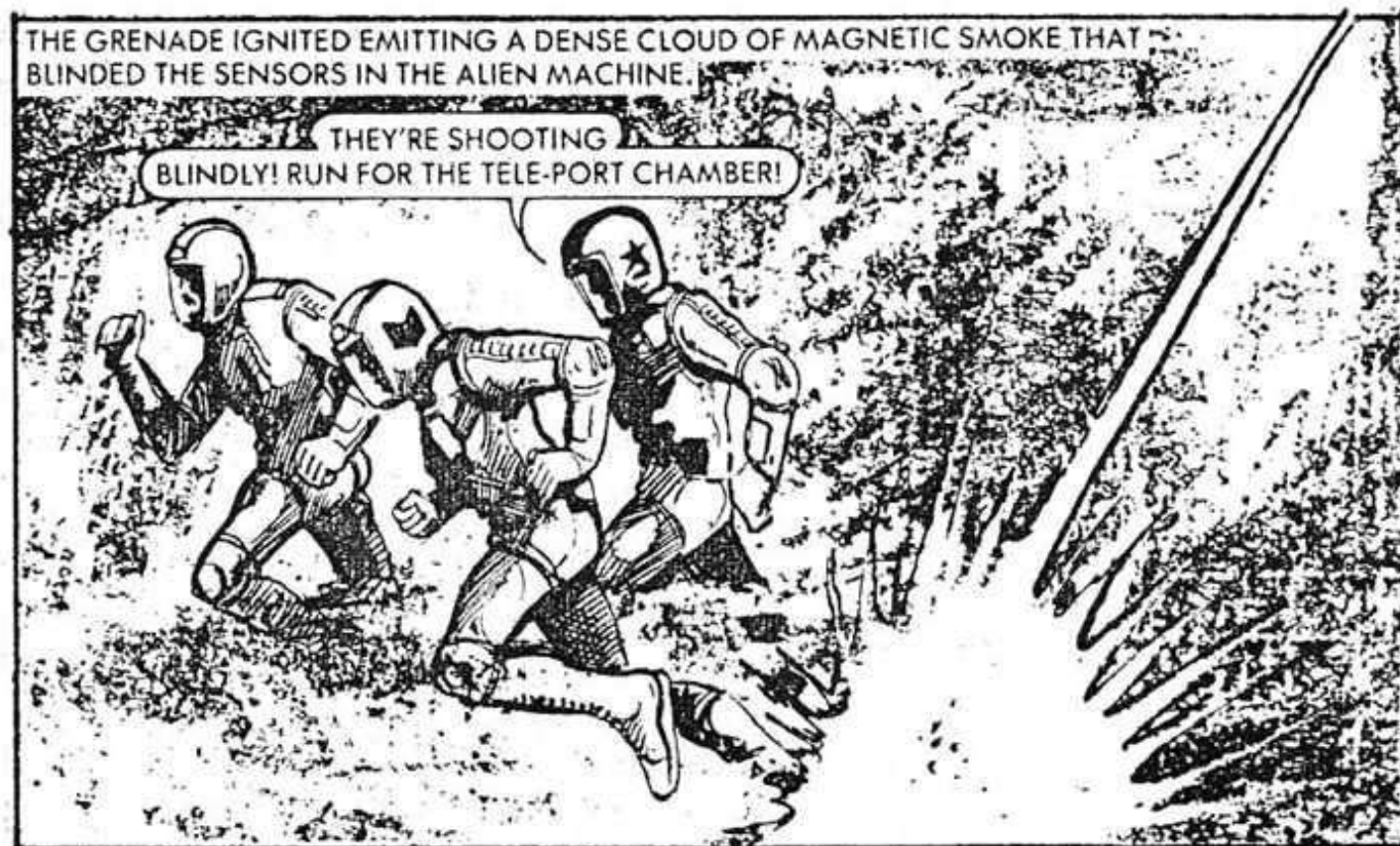
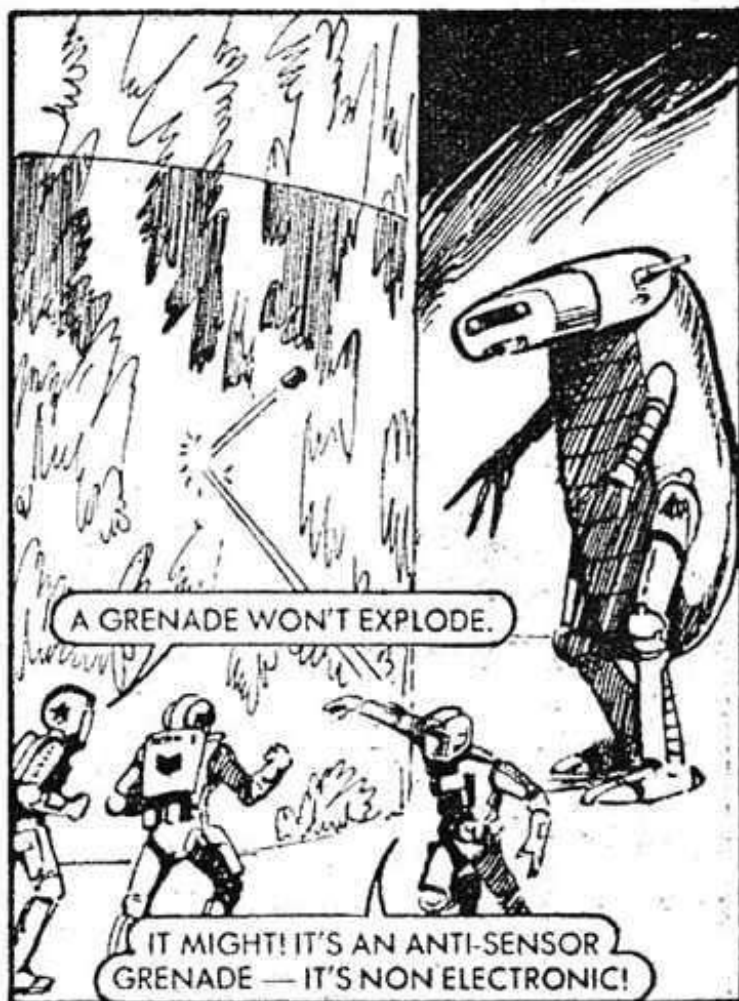






LEAVING THE MOLE BEHIND THE THREE COMMANDOS FOLLOWED THE LEADING ALIEN.



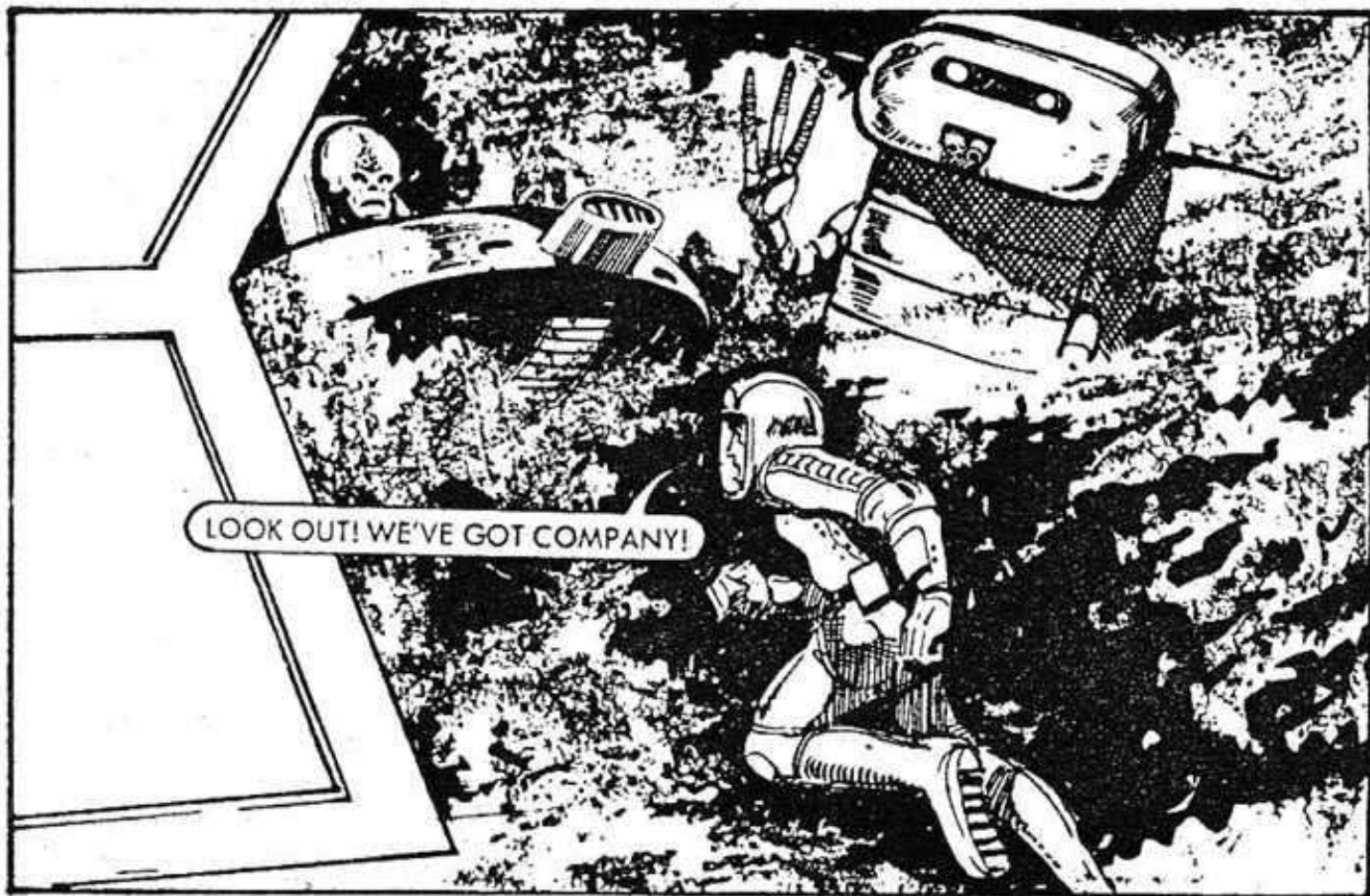


THEY MADE IT SAFELY TO THE TELE-PORT CHAMBER.

THERE'S A LARGE BLANK AREA ON THE
MAP, TRY AND GET US THERE, SERGEANT!



LOOK OUT! WE'VE GOT COMPANY!



THE COMMANDO LEAPT AT THE FLOATING SLED SPINNING IT AS BOTH ALIENS FIRED AT HIM.



HE DIED TO SAVE US.

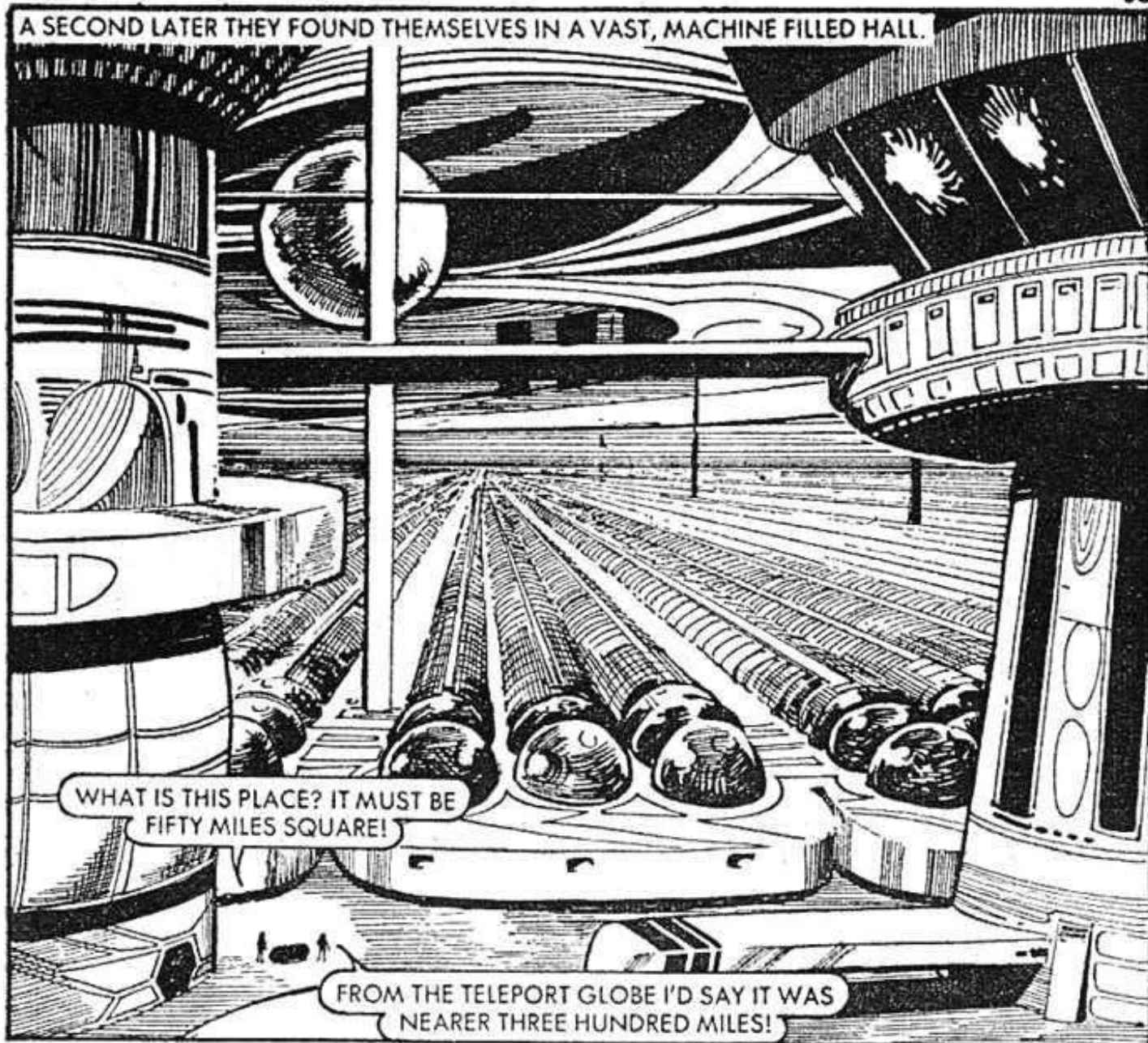
COME ON... WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT.



WE'D BETTER MOVE OUT FAST. WE'VE STILL GOT A JOB TO DO!



A SECOND LATER THEY FOUND THEMSELVES IN A VAST, MACHINE FILLED HALL.

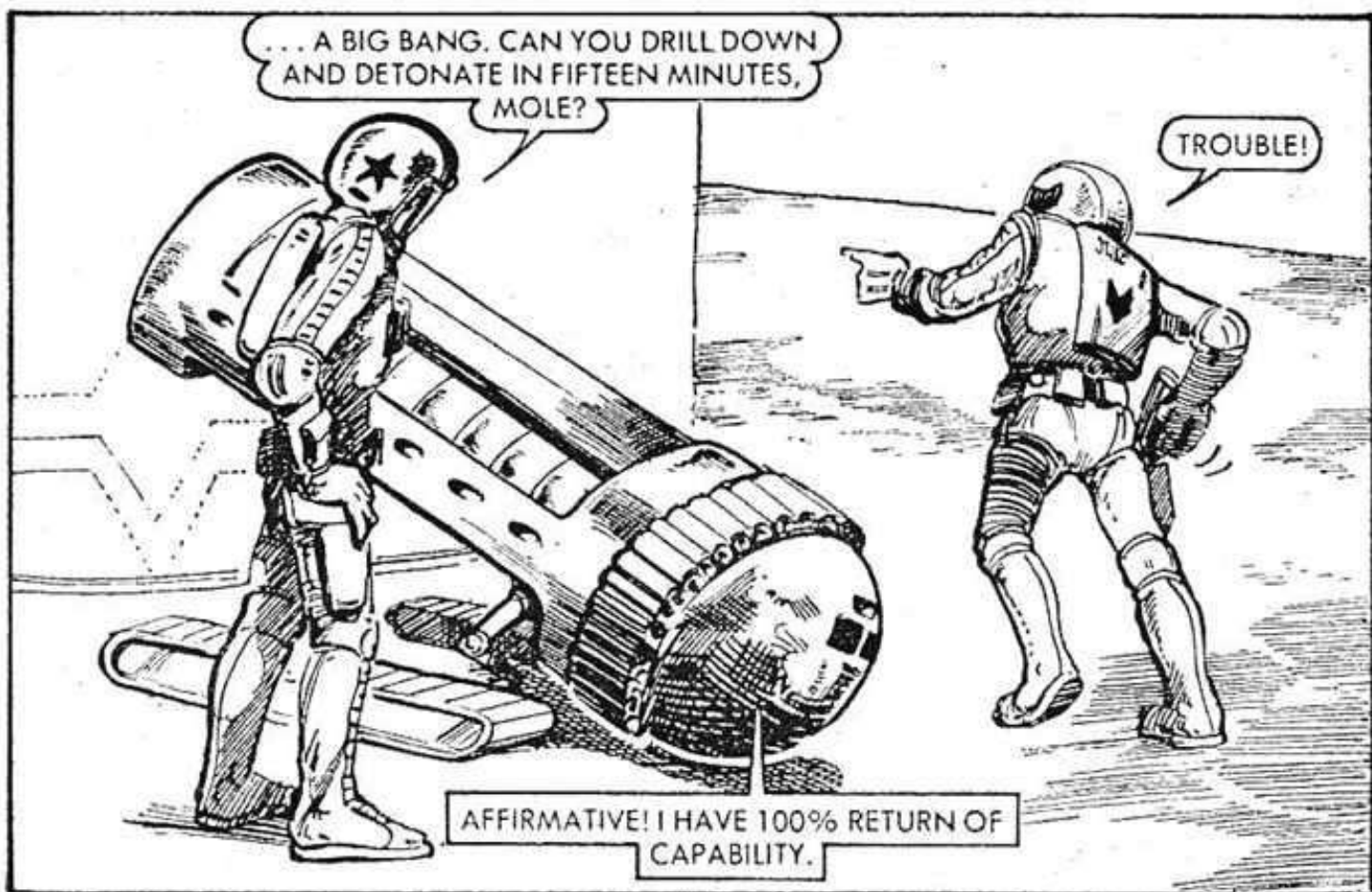
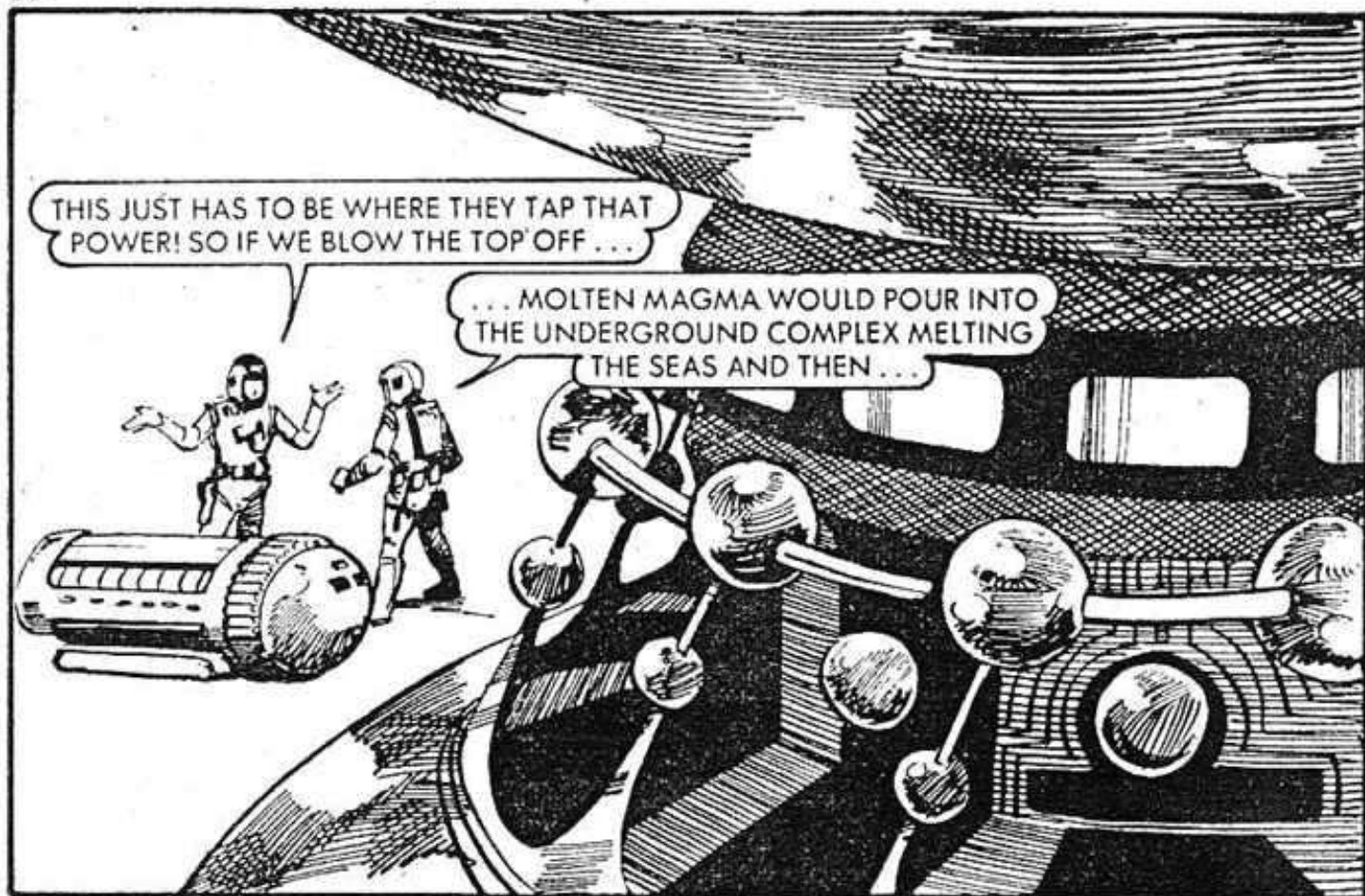


WHAT IS THIS PLACE? IT MUST BE
FIFTY MILES SQUARE!

FROM THE TELEPORT GLOBE I'D SAY IT WAS
NEARER THREE HUNDRED MILES!

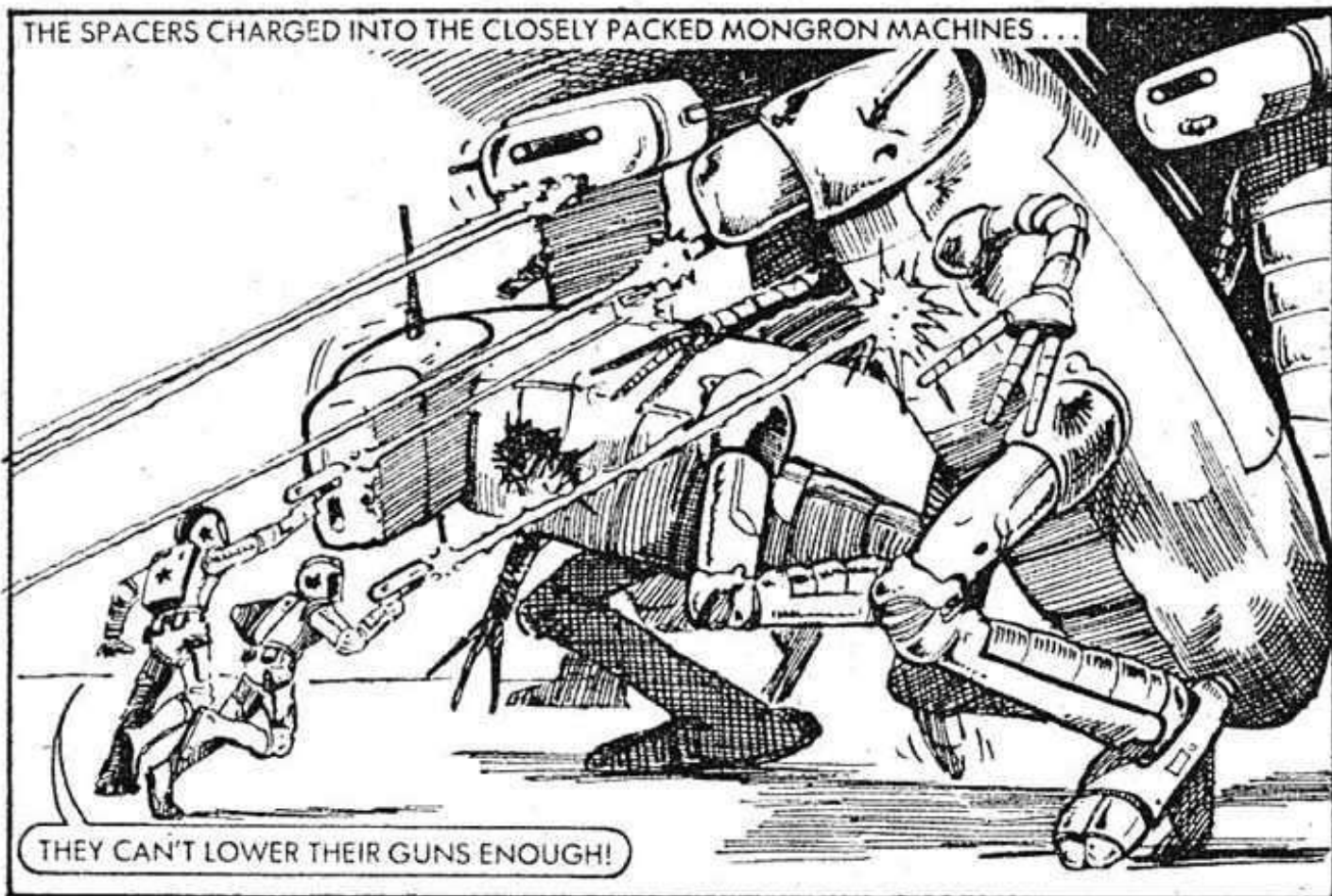
THESE CREATURES NEED A POWER
SOURCE OF IMMENSE SIZE TO FUEL
ALL THEIR ENERGY SYSTEMS. AND
THEIR POWER SOURCE HAS TO BE
THE MOLTEN HEART OF THE PLANET
— THE MAGMA!

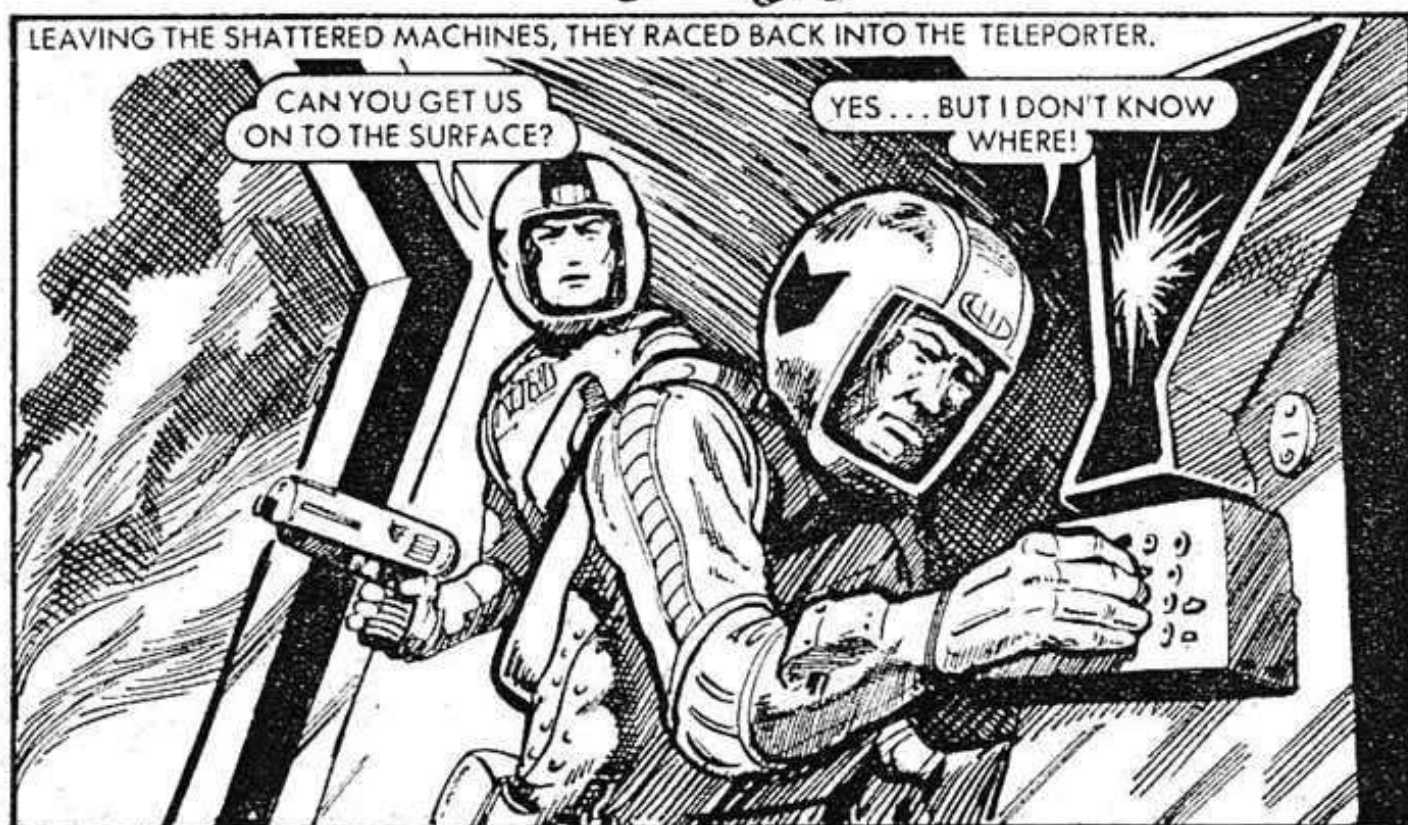
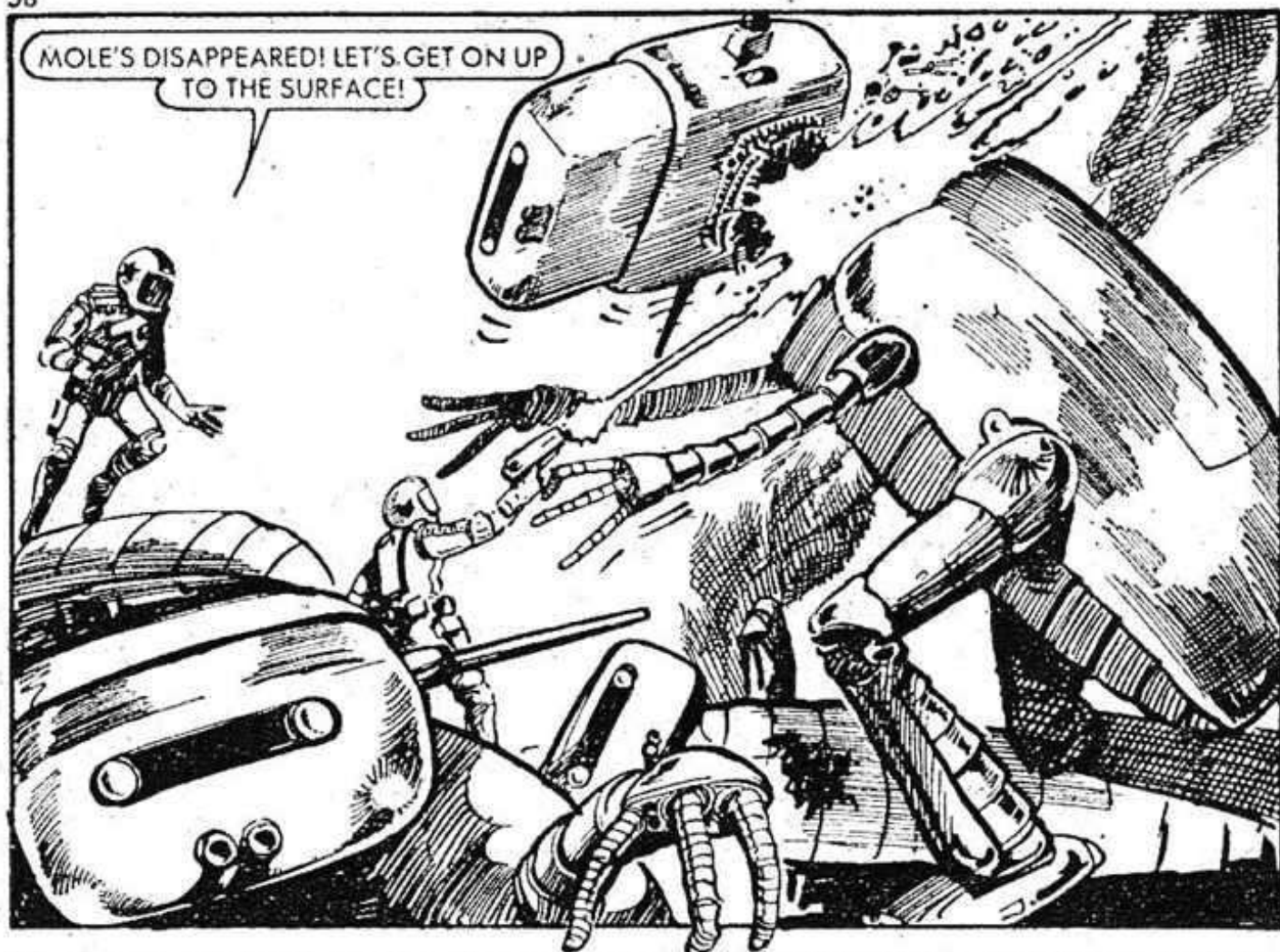






THE SPACERS CHARGED INTO THE CLOSELY PACKED MONGRON MACHINES . . .



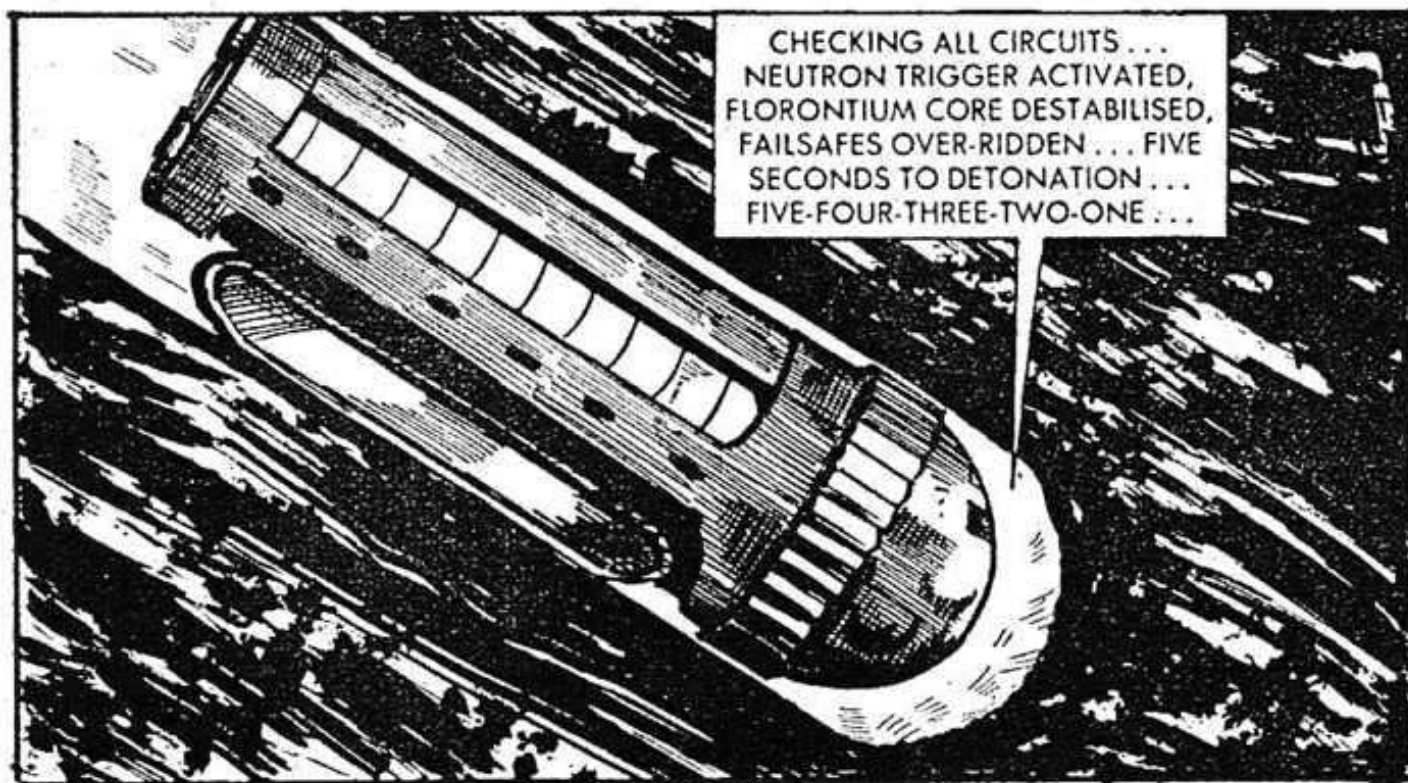


THE CONTROLS SLIPPED THEM ONTO A FROZEN SEA.



ICE! WE MADE IT!

BUT ARE WE FAR ENOUGH
AWAY FROM THAT MOLE
BOMB?



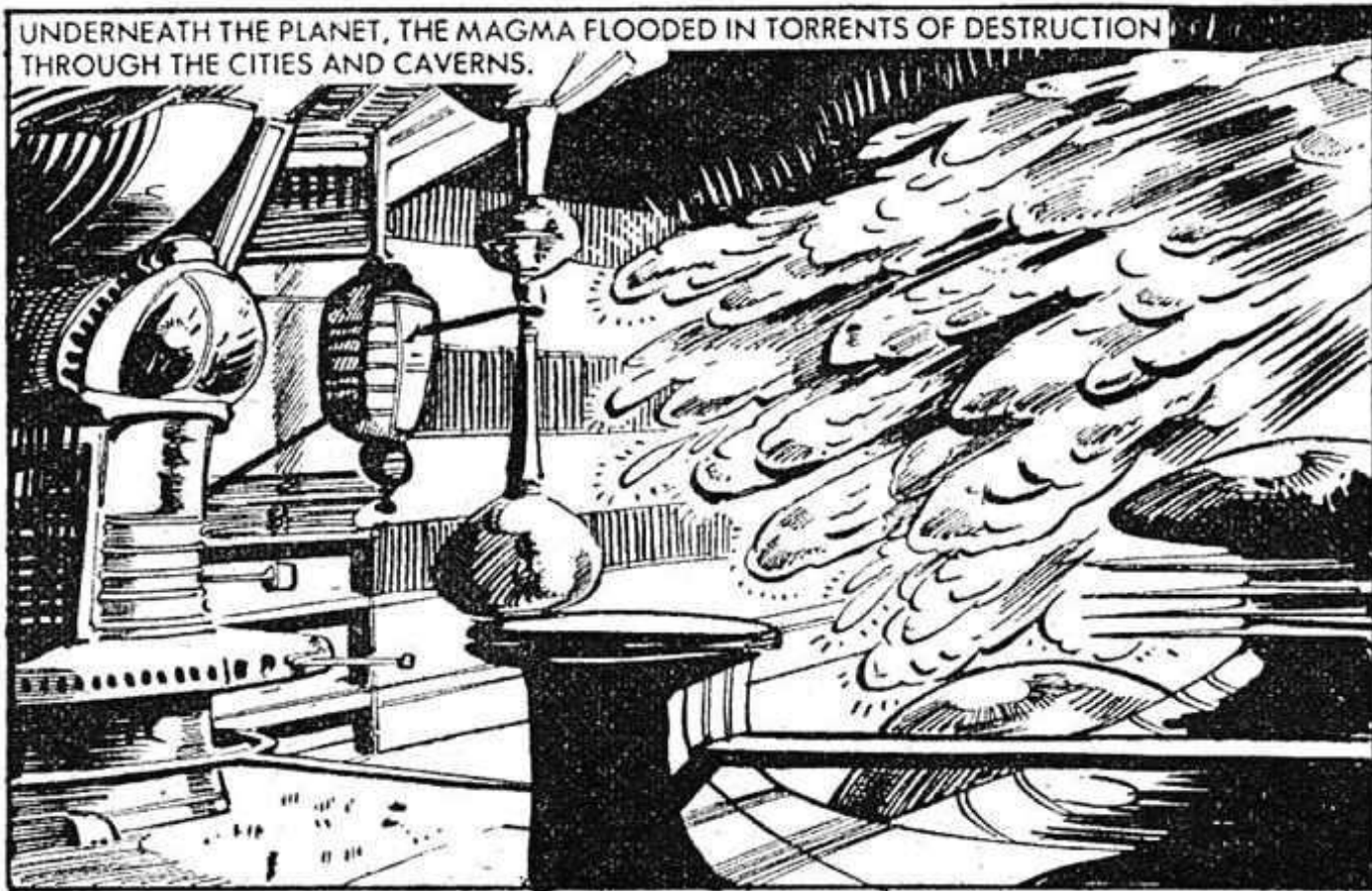
CHECKING ALL CIRCUITS ...
NEUTRON TRIGGER ACTIVATED,
FLORONTIUM CORE DESTABILISED,
FAILSAFES OVER-RIDDEN ... FIVE
SECONDS TO DETONATION ...
FIVE-FOUR-THREE-TWO-ONE ...

THREE HUNDRED MILES AWAY FROM THE SPACERS A MOUNTAIN RANGE DISAPPEARED.

THERE GOES MOLE! SWITCH YOUR
MAYDAY BEACON ON. WHEN THAT
ENERGY COCOON FADES WE MIGHT
GET A RESCUE.

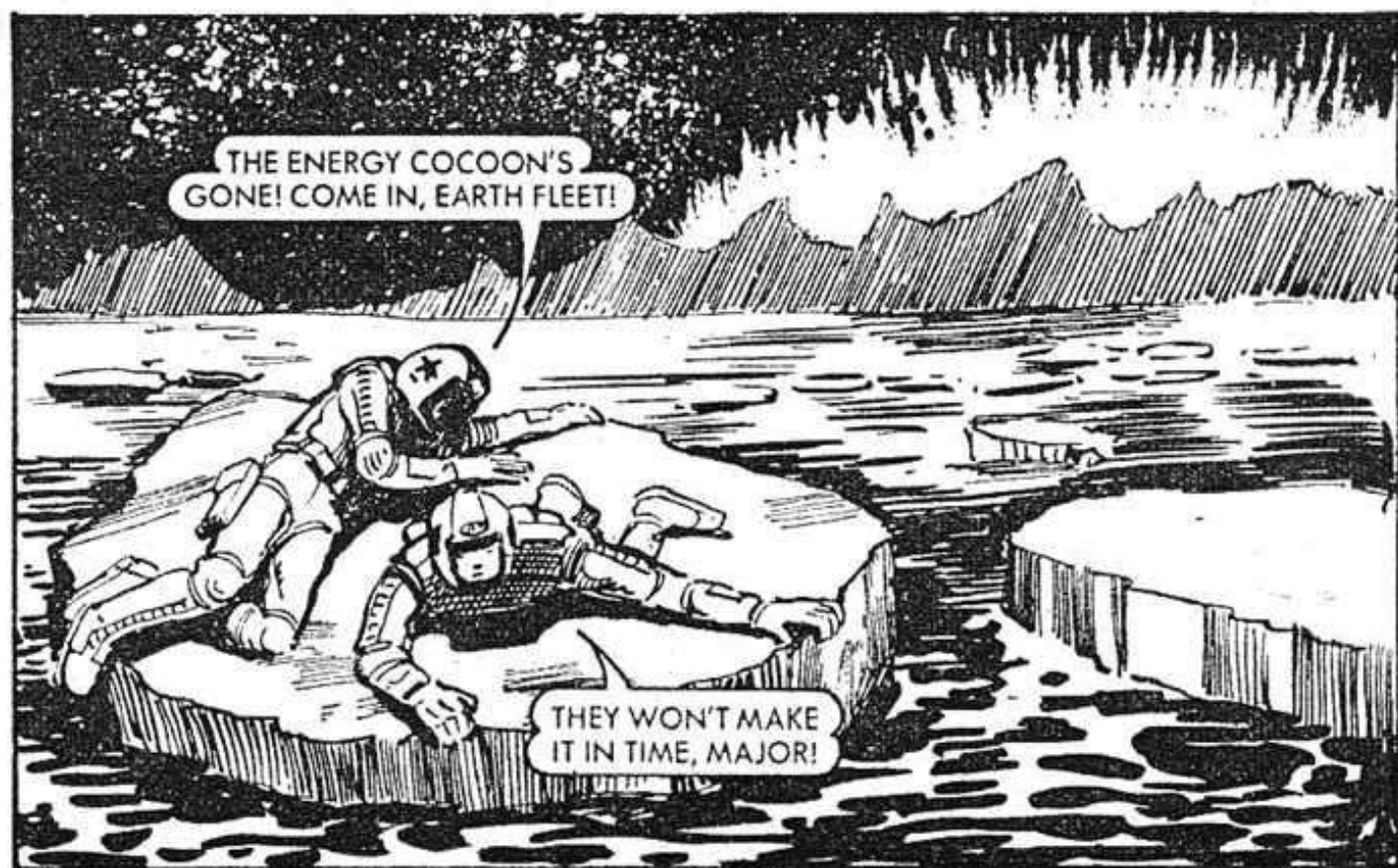
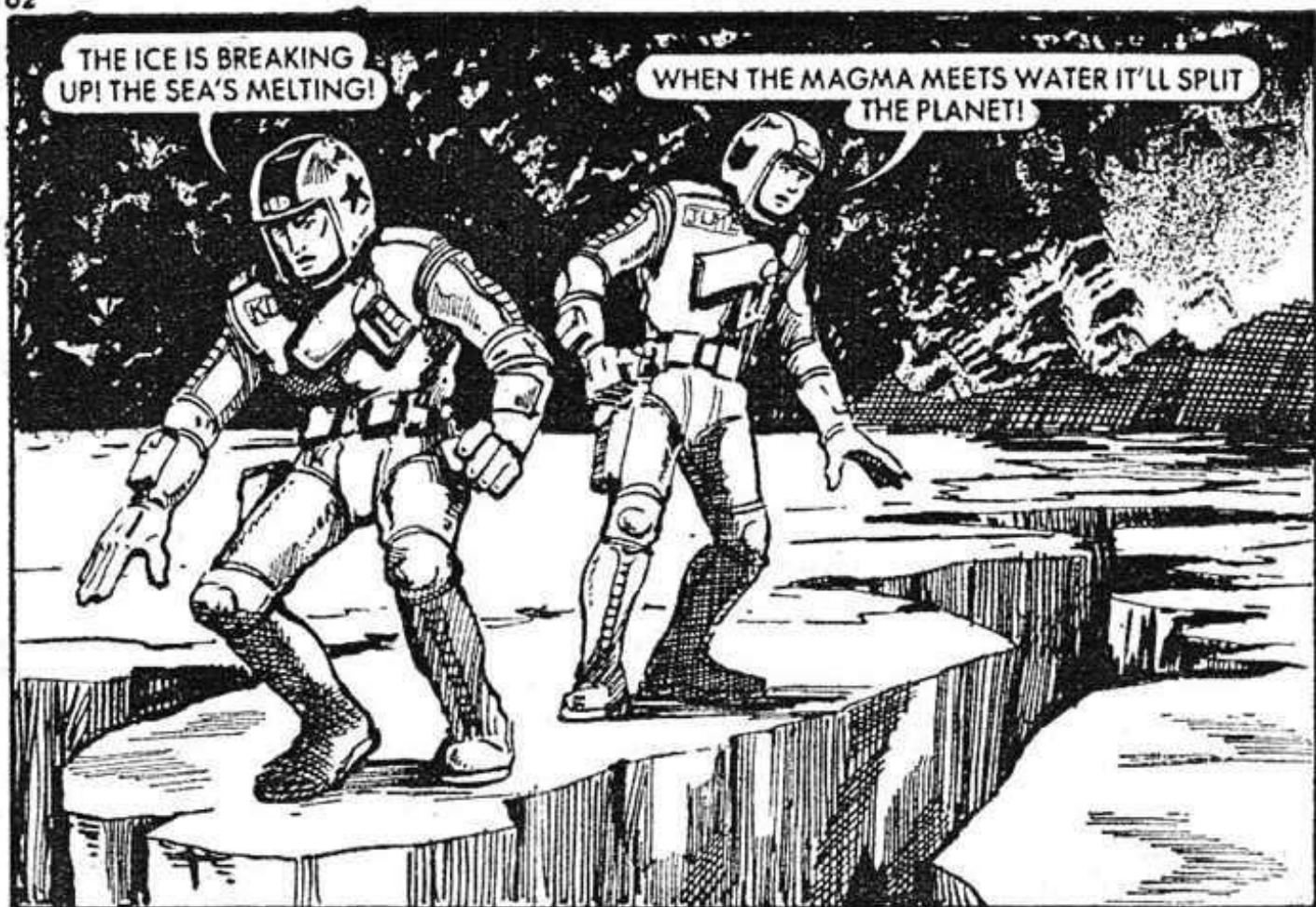


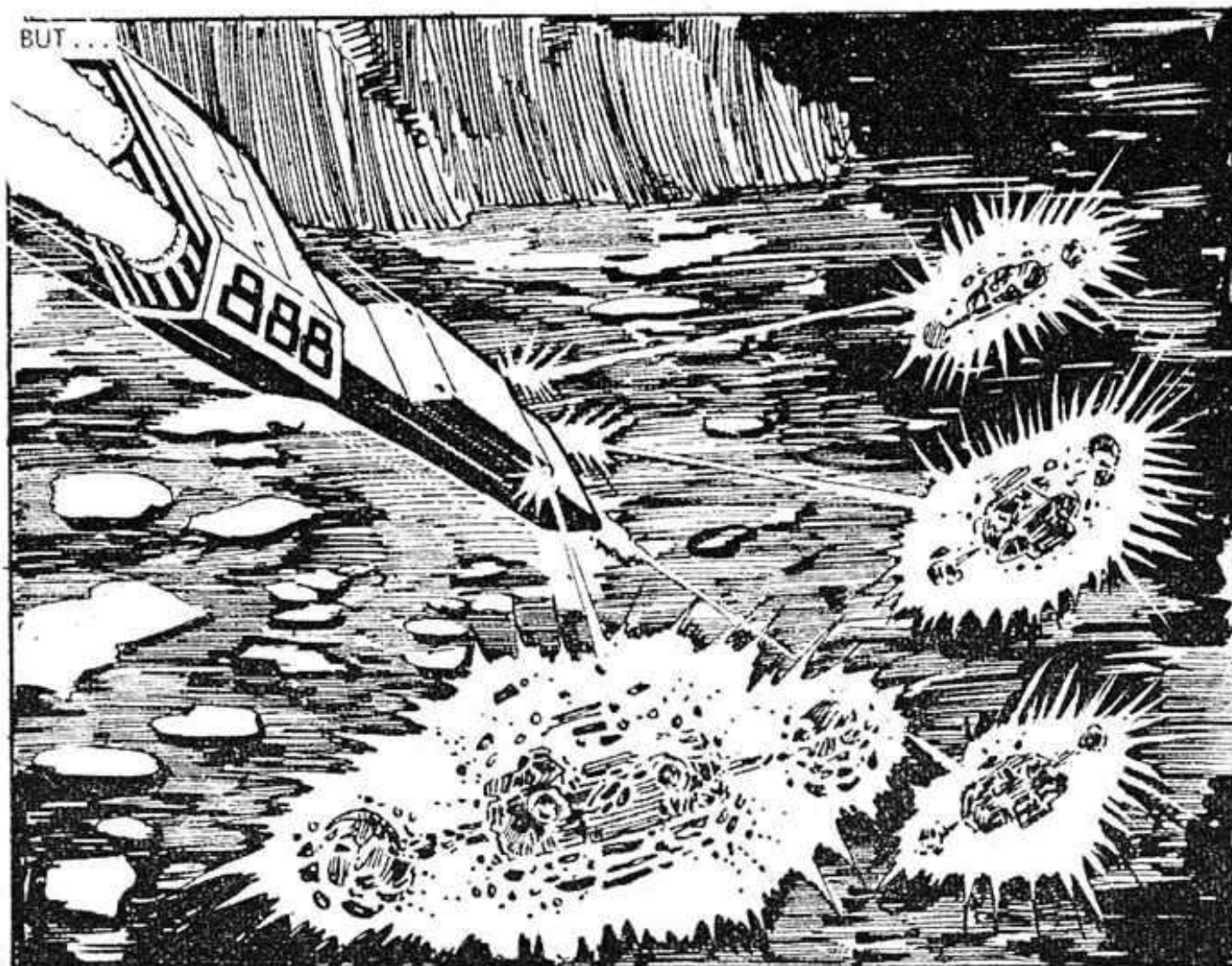
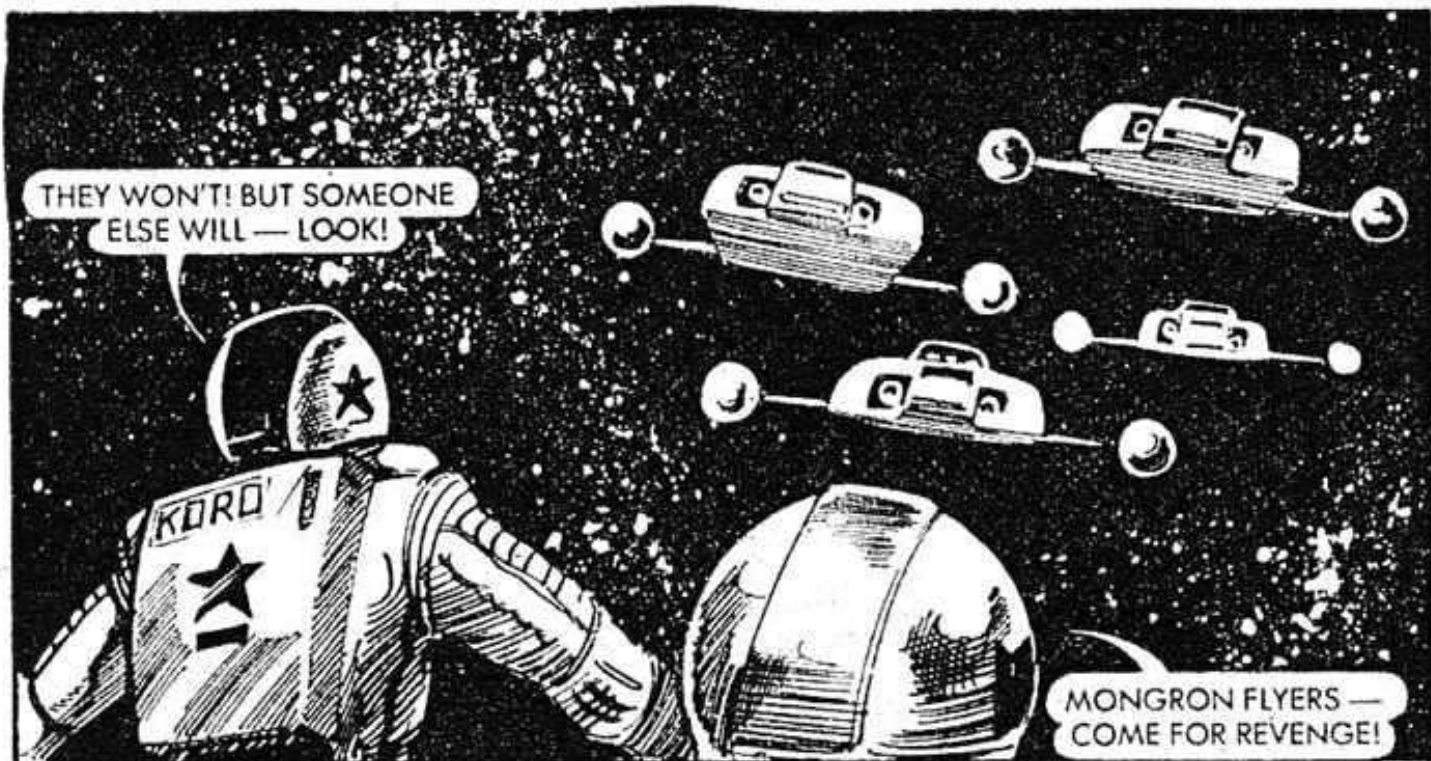
UNDERNEATH THE PLANET, THE MAGMA FLOODED IN TORRENTS OF DESTRUCTION
THROUGH THE CITIES AND CAVERNS.

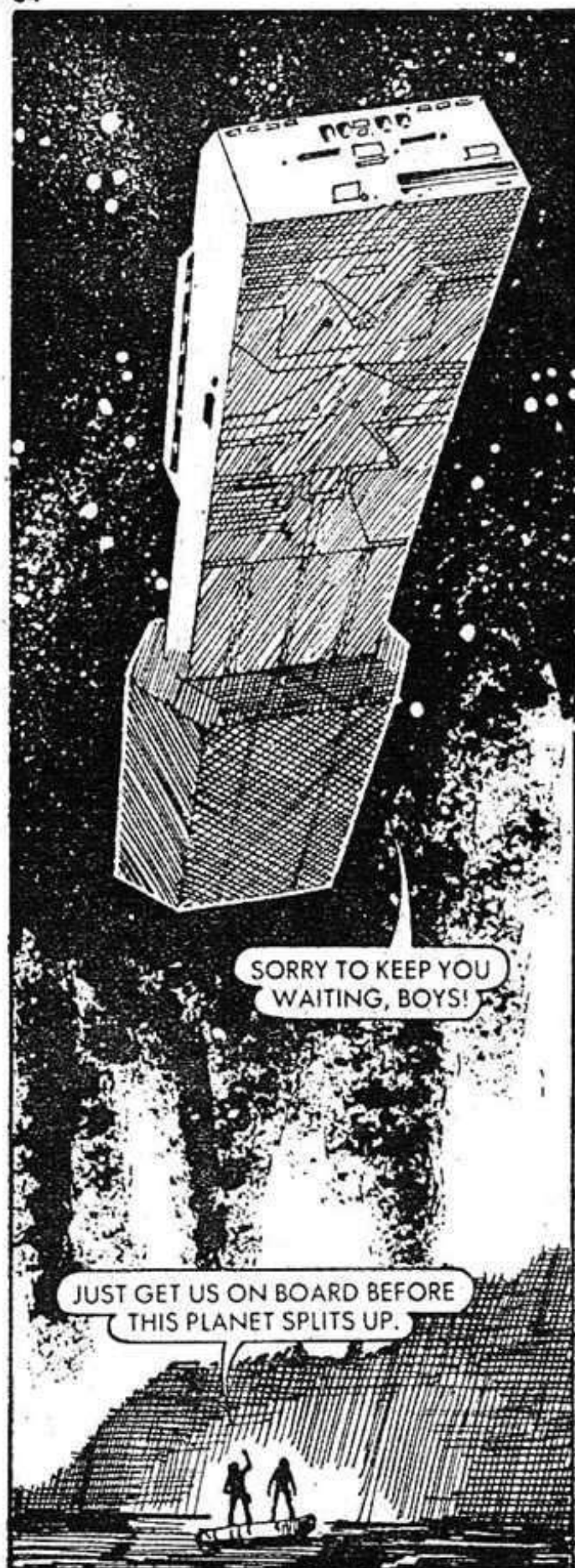


THE PRESSURE OF THE PLANET'S CORE FORCED THE MAGMA THROUGH EVERY CRACK AND HOLE IN A FIVE HUNDRED MILE RADIUS.

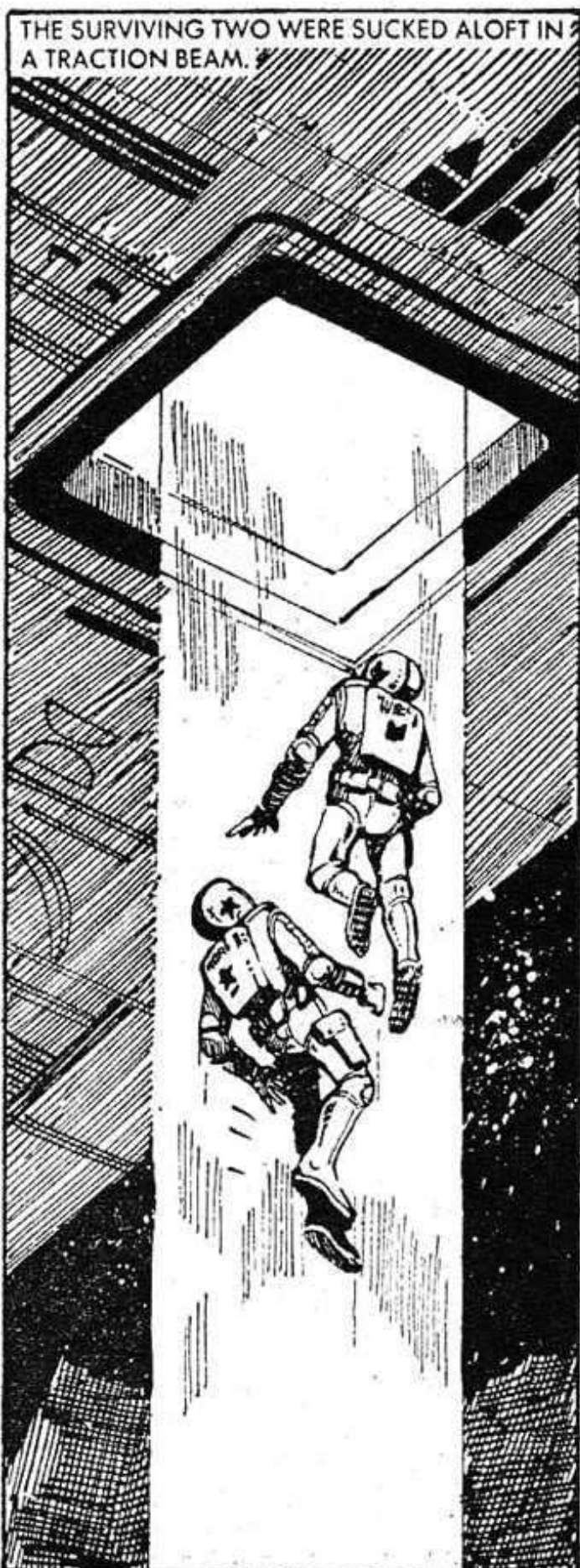




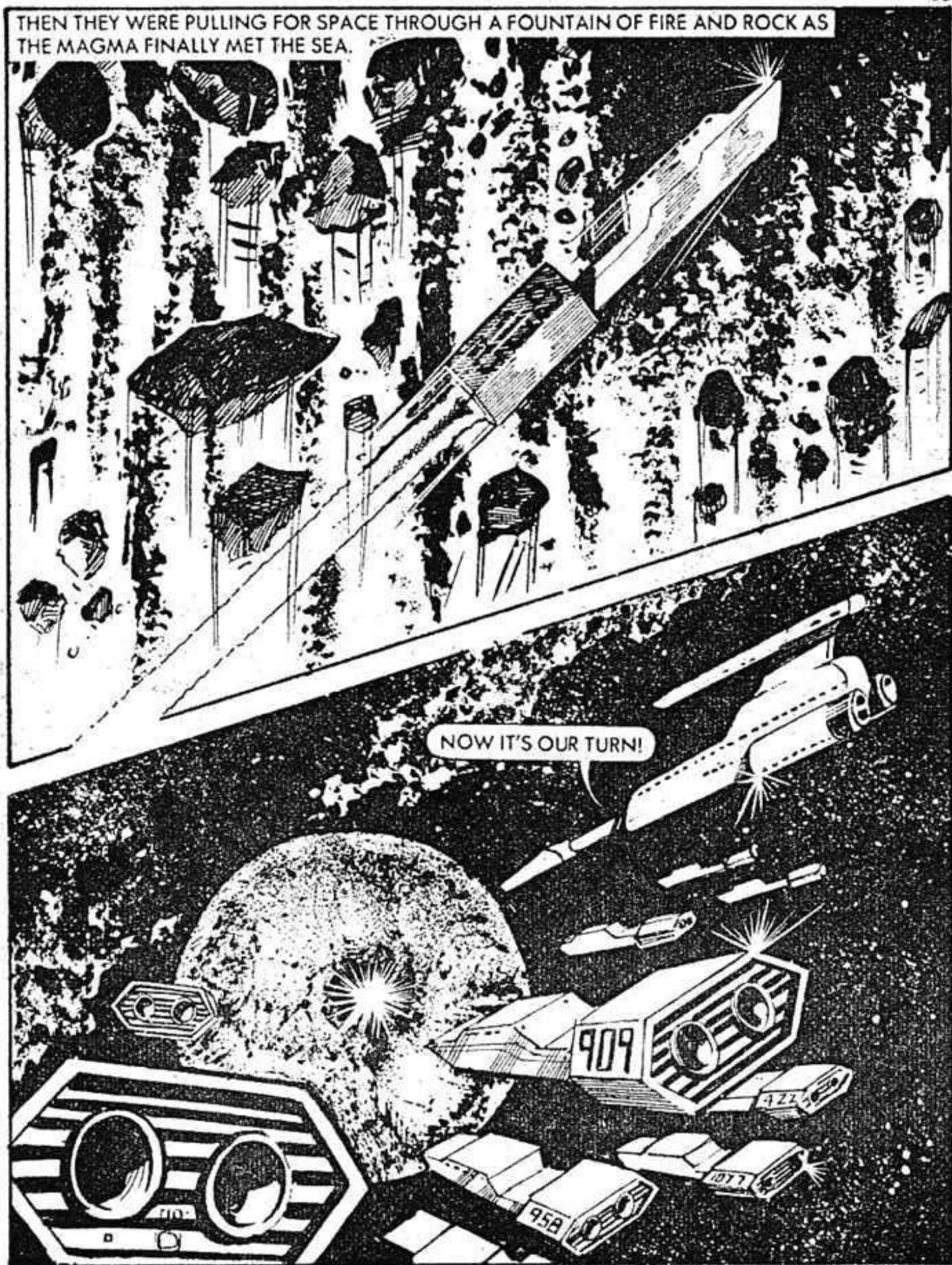




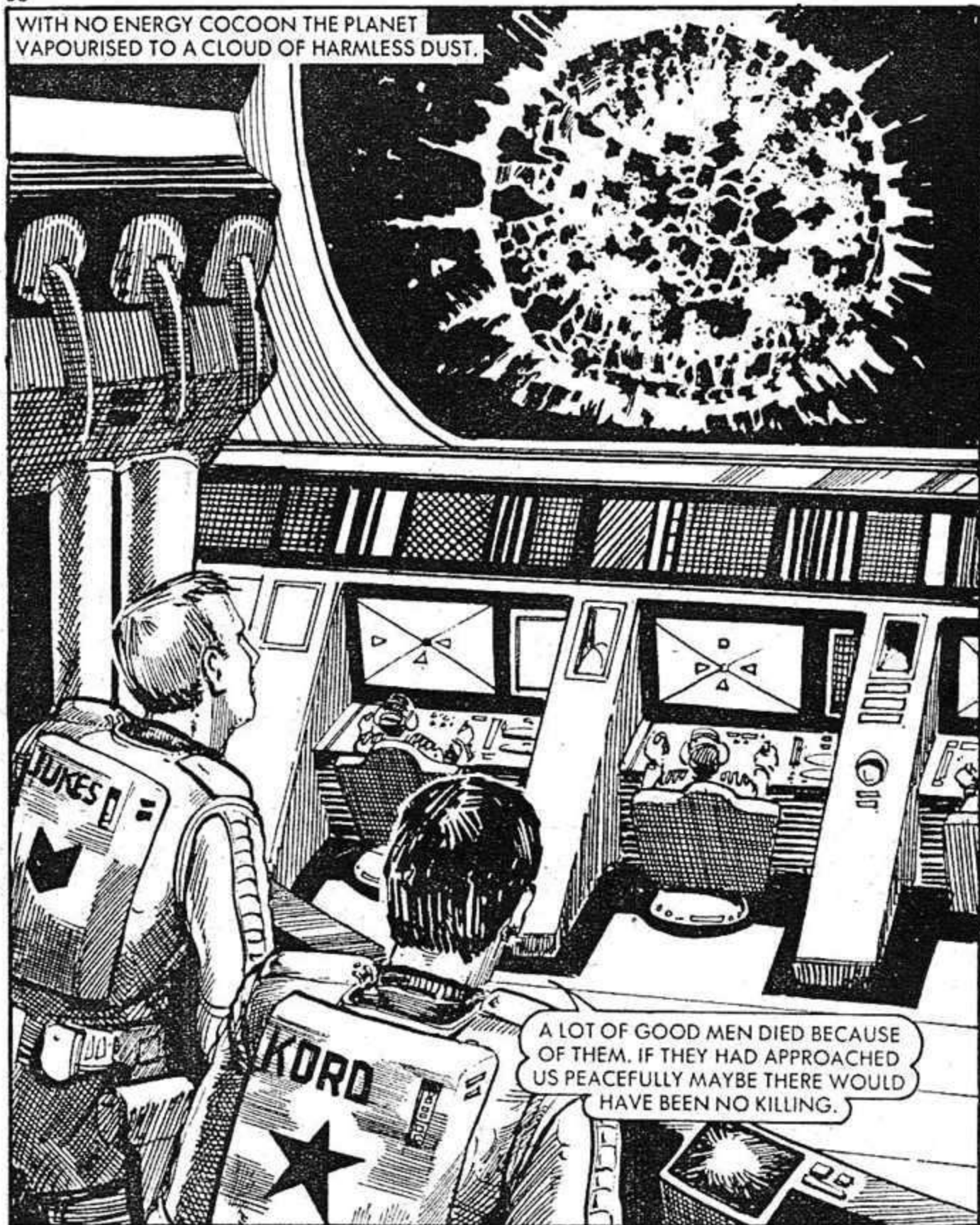
THE SURVIVING TWO WERE SUCKED ALOFT IN A TRACTION BEAM.



THEN THEY WERE PULLING FOR SPACE THROUGH A FOUNTAIN OF FIRE AND ROCK AS THE MAGMA FINALLY MET THE SEA.

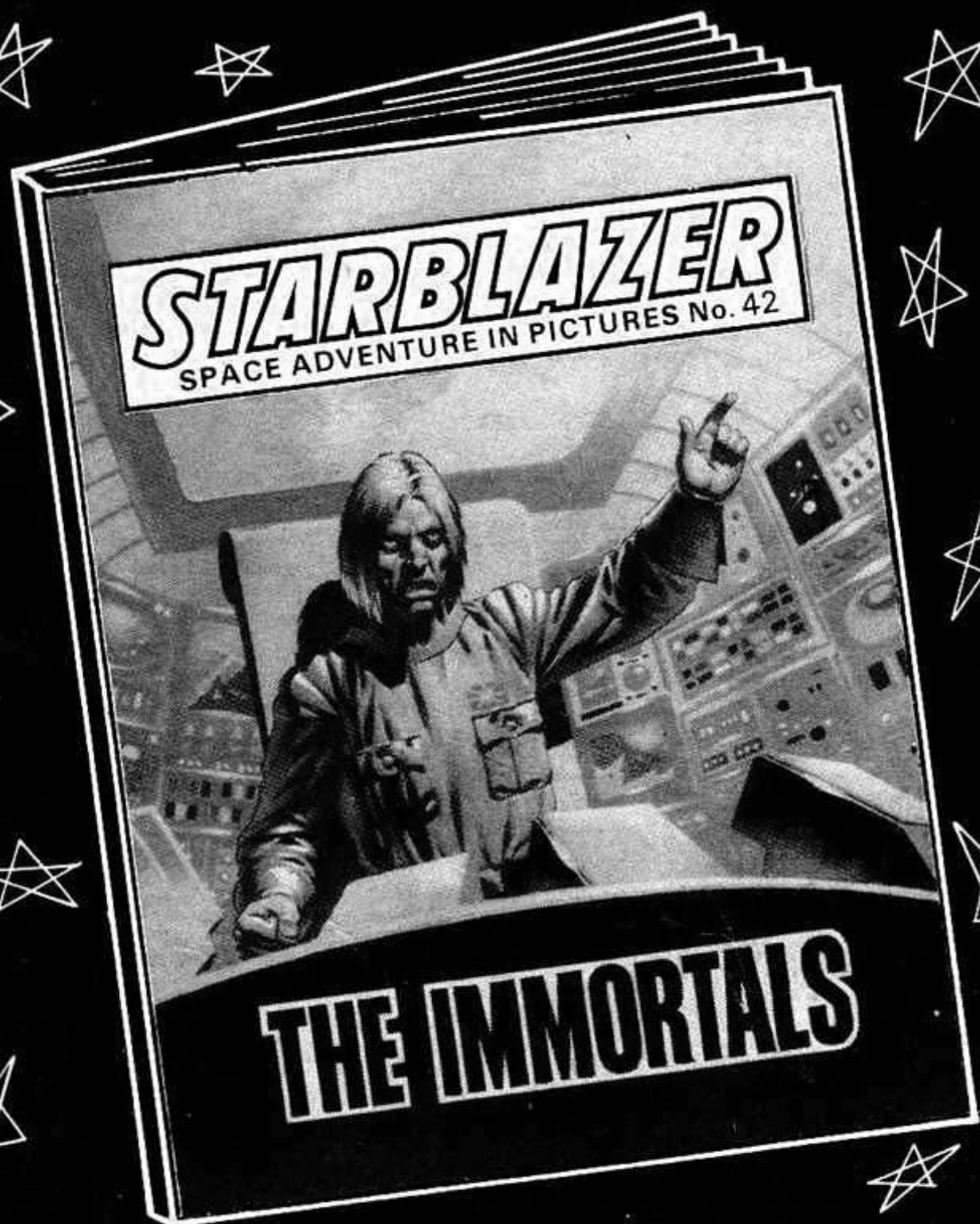


WITH NO ENERGY COCOON THE PLANET
VAPOURISED TO A CLOUD OF HARMLESS DUST.



A LOT OF GOOD MEN DIED BECAUSE
OF THEM. IF THEY HAD APPROACHED
US PEACEFULLY MAYBE THERE WOULD
HAVE BEEN NO KILLING.

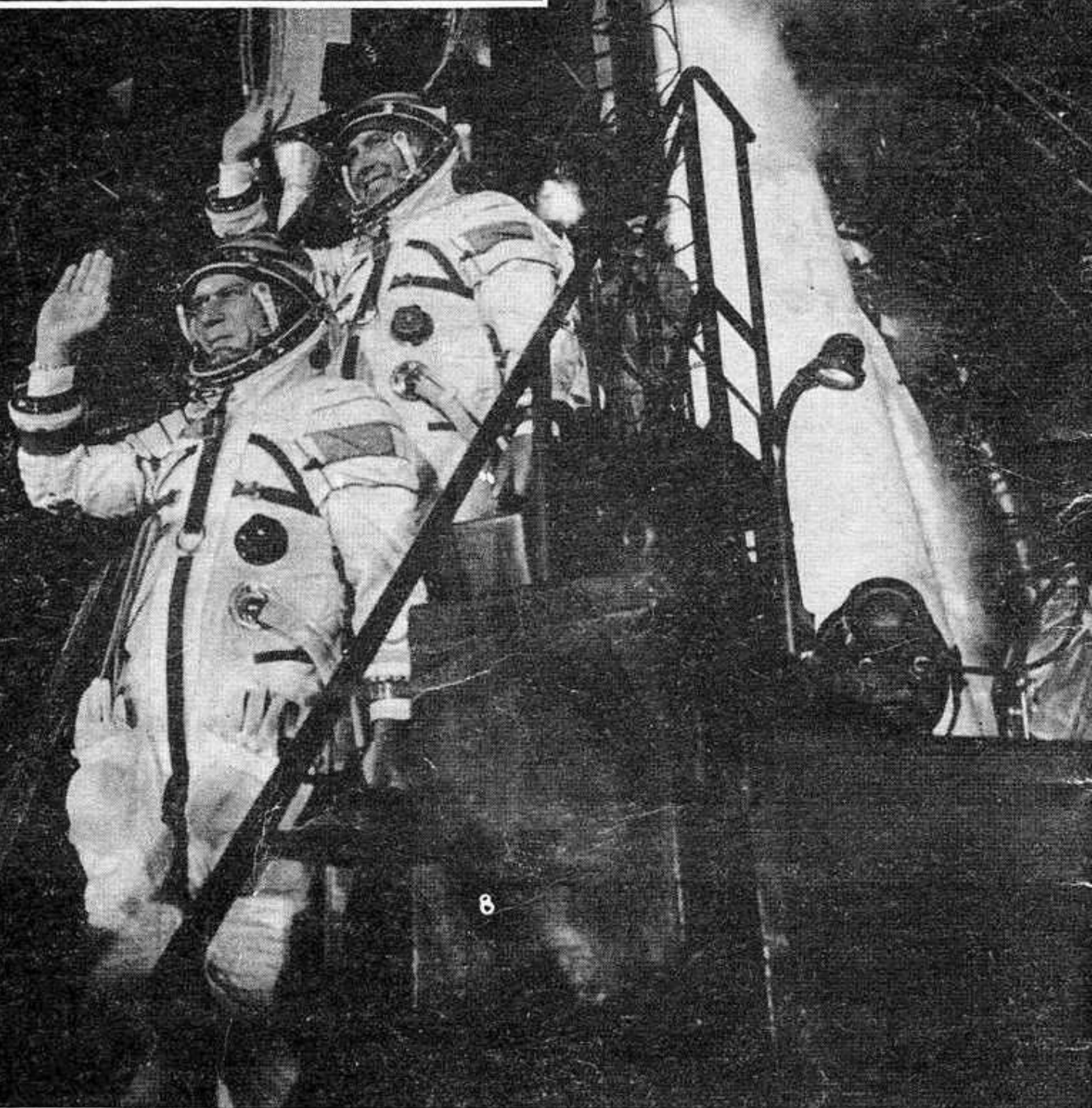
IT'S OUT OF THIS WORLD



**THIS MONTH'S OTHER ACTION-
PACKED STORY—NOW ON SALE**

STARBLAZERS

IN THE CONQUEST OF SPACE 43



8

On 3rd July 1974, the first space spies were launched. They were the two-man crew of Soyuz 14, Pavel Popovich, originally the sixth man in space in 1962, and Yuri Artyukin. They manned the Spy-Lab, Salyut 3, for 14 days.